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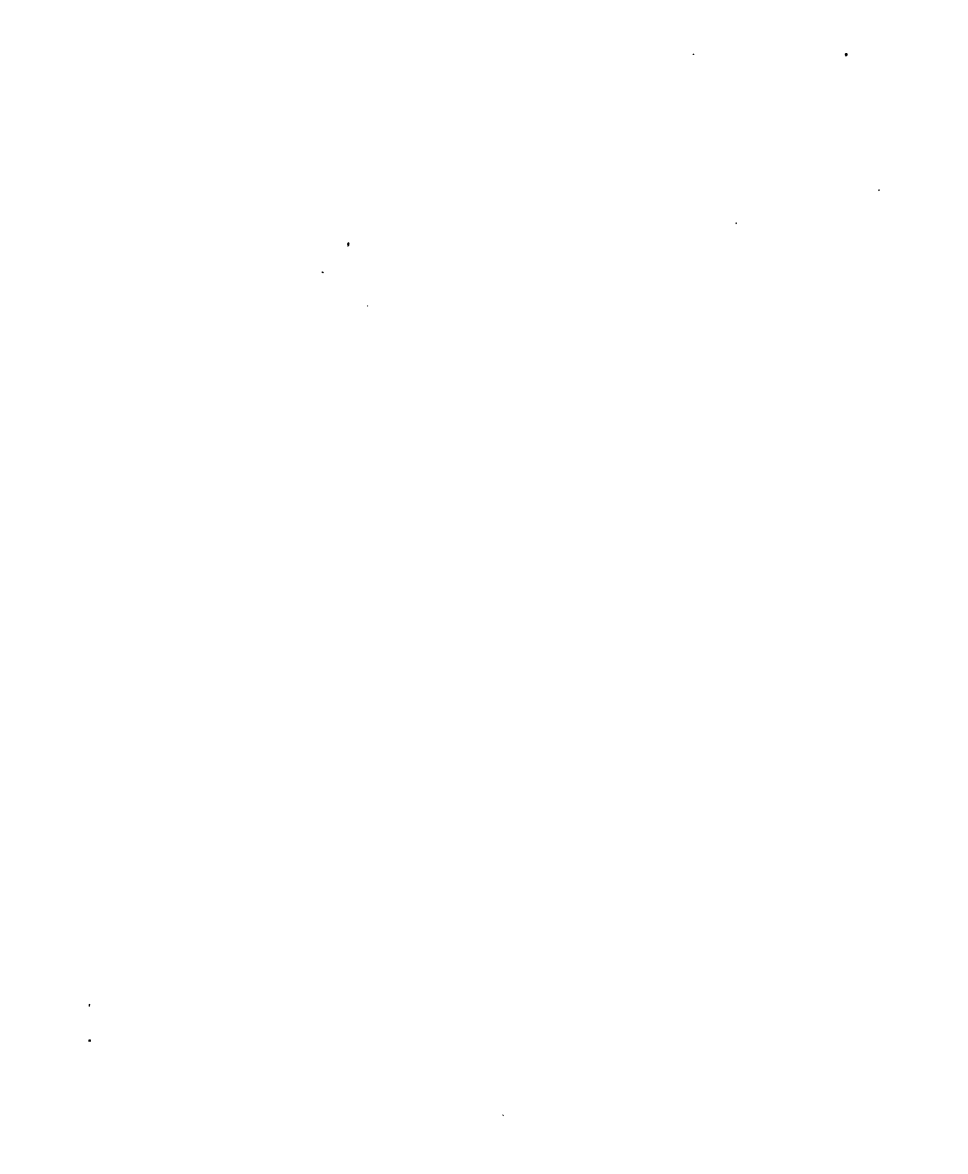
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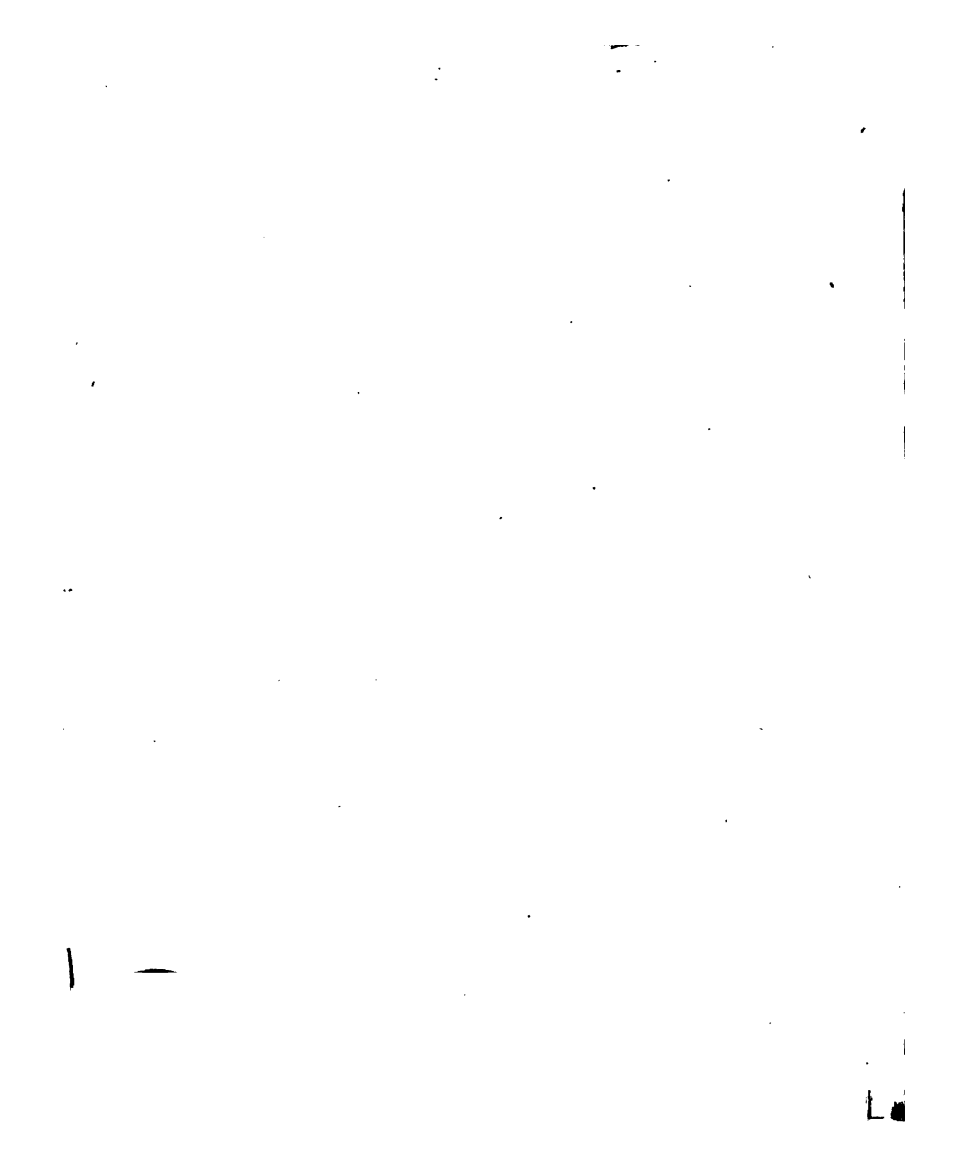






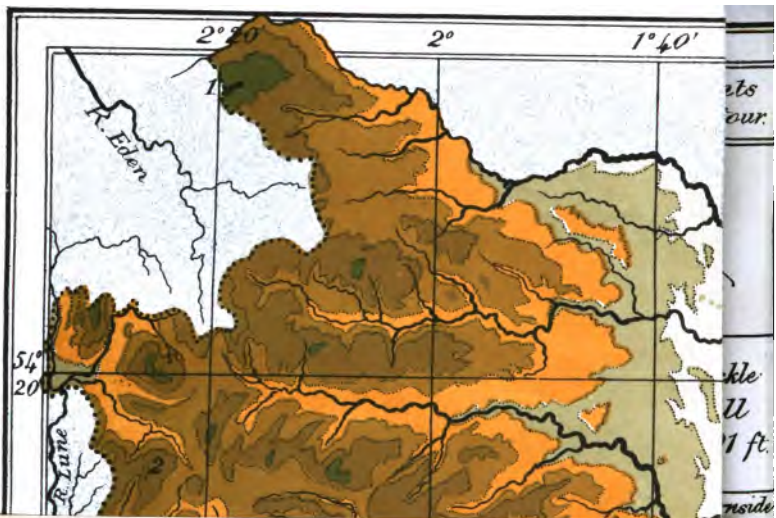












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YORKSHIRE;  
*ITS SCENES, LORE AND LEGENDS.*

ELABORATED FROM A PRIZE ESSAY

WRITTEN FOR THE BRADFORD GEOGRAPHICAL EXHIBITION, 1887.

*Judges:* T. G. ROOPER, ESQ., H.M. Inspector of Schools;  
PROF. MIALL and PROF. KELTIE.

BY

M. TAIT.

WITH ' CONTOUR MAPS OF RIVER VALLEYS, ' GEOLOGICAL MAP,  
LARGE FOLDING ' MAP OF THE WHOLE COUNTY,  
AND A LARGE  
FOLDING ' MAP OF "BRITISH AND ROMAN YORKSHIRE"  
(BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE ROYAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY).

BY

F. D. KING.

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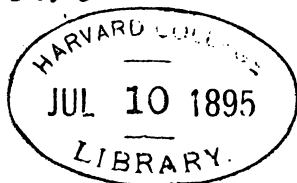
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1888.

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## P R E F A C E.

—:O:—

“BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,  
Who ne’er within himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land !  
Whose soul hath ne’er within him burn’d  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering in a foreign strand ?  
If such there be, go, mark him well,  
For him no minstrel-raptures swell ;  
High though his tit’les, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentr’d all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

So wrote Sir WALTER SCOTT of Caledonia, o’er whose  
“stern and wild” scenery he cast the glamour of an imagery  
so potent, that soulless indeed must the Scotchman be who  
can view them through the poet’s magic glass, and not feel  
the stirring thrill of patriotism.

One cannot but regret that he wrote so little of Yorkshire. Had his thoughts been directed to its other dales, as "Rokeby" directed them to Teesdale, his pen would have found in them all scenes worthy of its power; scenes, charming or awe-inspiring in themselves, that needed but his master-touch to make them doubly so.

It is to be hoped that one of Yorkshire's own sons may yet arise to do for these scenes what he did for Scotland. But if meanwhile we must be content with less vivid pictures, manhood and youth alike may still find both pleasure and profit in them. To the up-grown there is wide scope, not only for self-cultivation, but for adding to the sum of human knowledge, in studying the origin, surroundings, and associated lore of localities. Combine these branches with the Geographical and Topographical instruction of the young, and we have a subject that stirs up the spirit of inquiry, quickens the imagination, fixes the attention, and develops the intellect—a geographical lesson that is *culture* instead of *cram*.

To this higher educational aim the present sketch owes its origin.

It is an extension of a Prize Essay, written for the Bradford Geographical Exhibition of last year; an Exhibition promoted by the School Board, on the suggestion of T. G. ROOPER, Esq., H.M.I. of Schools, with a view to encouraging improved maps, apparatus, and methods for teaching this subject.

Within the handy compass of this small volume has been compressed most that is interesting about the county, descriptive, legendary, and historical, culled from many works, some of which are given in the appended list for the benefit of those who wish to pursue the subject more deeply.

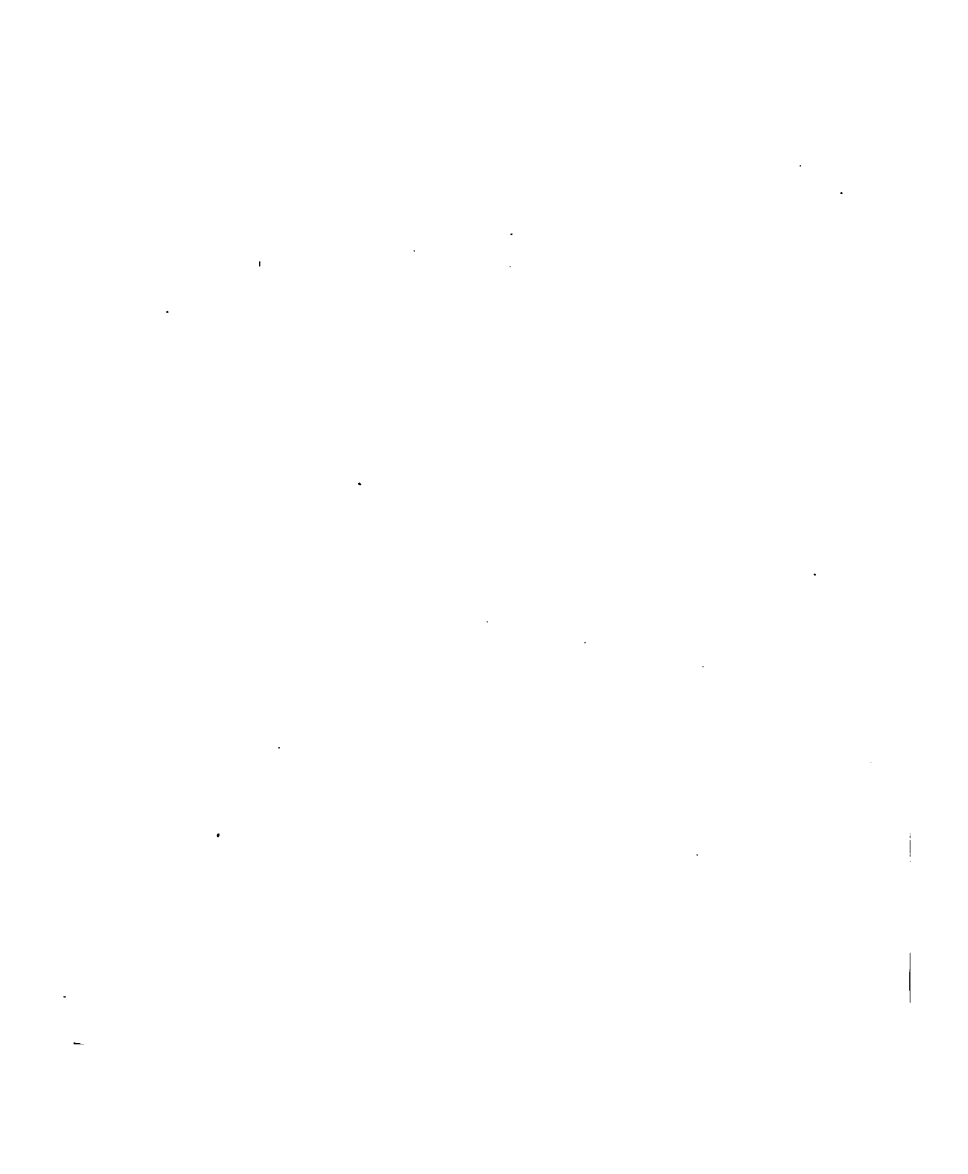
The Contour Maps, which are a special and unique feature of the work, have been carefully reduced from the Ordnance Survey by Mr. F. D. KING, who took the First Prize for Maps at the same Exhibition.

I wish most gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to the following gentlemen for valuable aid and hints given to me during the progress of the work:—T. G. ROOPER, Esq., Professor MIALL, W. CLARIDGE, Esq., T. E. EMPSALL, Esq., Sir H. MITCHELL; MESSRS. WEST, B. SPENCER, A. H. TAYLOR, E. ROBINSON, and A. E. AINSWORTH, School Board Offices, Leeds; and to the Committee of the Royal Archæological Society, for their kind permission to use the adapted form of their Newton's Map of British and Roman Yorkshire.

M. TAIT.

BRADFORD, *March 12th*, 1888.







# YORKSHIRE :

## ITS SCENES, LORE AND LEGENDS.

### LAND OF BROAD ACRES.

**S**O pre-eminent in size over all the rest of the counties of England as to merit its name of the Land of Broad Acres, its boundaries marked, for the most part, by mountain, stream, and ocean, Yorkshire presents within itself perhaps the most complete epitome of physical geography and geological study to be found in any other equal area on the globe.

Comparative  
size.

Here the seeing eye and thinking mind may, indeed, find abundance of "sermons in stones and books in running brooks." Hill and dale, and rock and cliff, have each their wondrous tale of how they were formed and moulded and chiselled by nature's forces, clothed with vegetation, and stored with mineral wealth, fitting the land for man's habitation, and providing him with all the means of prosperity. The remains of British huts, the places where they worshipped, and the barrows where they buried their dead, give us strange glimpses of pre-historic times; while *camp* and *road* and *castle* and *abbey* closely associate it with the most stirring scenes of British, Roman, Saxon, and Feudal days.

Moulding.  
Chiselling.  
Clothing.  
Storing.

Mounting, in imagination, on eagle's wings, and with eagle eye taking in at one view the whole county spread beneath us, we see a wide band of hill-country spreading all down its western side, varying in width from twenty miles in its widest, to less than half that distance in its narrowest parts. Midway, a break of low undulations, some ten miles across, divides this band into two portions of which the northern is the higher; both decreasing in altitude as the eye follows them eastward. The prevailing green of the northern half, broken by the gleam of many a limestone scarp and cliff, and the darker bosses which mark its highest parts, contrasts strongly with the sombre hues which characterise the heathery moors and dark crags of the southern.

Mountain  
Ranges.

Away to the east another parallel range, of equal width in its northern part, almost fills the north-east corner with wild, dark moors; and then, to the south of a broad vale which cuts right through this eastern range, it continues in an L shaped upland, its rolling swells all covered with corn-fields and pastures, from Flamborough Head to the Humber, where it terminates in a narrow strip.

Between these two opposing ranges spreads a wide, low, agricultural plain, nowhere more than 250 ft. above the level of the sea, 80 miles

long, 12 miles across in the north, and thrice that distance in the south; and through it runs a river's silver streak, that gathers in its course countless similar streaks from its bordering hills. Within the angle of the south-eastern range another similar, but smaller, plain stretches from the foot of the hills, to the sea in the east, and the Humber in the south.

Such, briefly, is the picture of Yorkshire. Frame it in with the

The Frame. Tees on the north, the German Ocean on the east, the Humber partly along the south, and, roughly speaking, the Backbone of England on the west, and it is complete.

Before studying each district separately and more closely, a word about the origin of the rocks with which we shall come in contact.

Be it remembered, that by the term rock, we mean not only hard, stony substances, like limestone, sandstone, &c., but plastic clay, laminated shale, and loose, incoherent sand or gravel. Practically, all the rocks we shall meet with in the study of Yorkshire are sedimentary, *i.e.*, formed *by or in* water, from the waste of pre-existing lands. Both their composition and their fossils prove this. Hence, all this area must, in comparatively recent geological times, have been below the level of the sea, where it was slowly built up from "fragments of an earlier world." Of the manner in which this was done, we have innumerable existing examples. All rivers carry down to the sea more or less of the matter of the rocks through which they flow. Insoluble matter they carry in suspension, and deposit as sediment. From careful observations of the proportion of sediment per gallon in the Thames water, it has been calculated that that river daily carries down as much sand and mud as would load fifty barges of 50 tons each. The extensive sandbanks which impede navigation about its mouth, and which, perhaps, are destined to be the quarries of a future world, have all been thus carried down and built up particle by particle. Even what we have long been taught to call the "everlasting hills," like everything else in creation, are doomed to gradual waste and decay. Pressure, heat, and chemical action convert

Rocks—  
Fragments  
of earlier  
worlds.

sand into sandstone, and mud into clay and shale and slate. All these, originating in sediment, abraded, transported and deposited by the machine-like operation of streams and currents are classed as *mechanically* formed rocks. But the limestone, chalk, and oolite we shall come across have a still more interesting history. The lime of which they are composed was not carried in *suspension*, but in *solution*, and so could not be deposited directly as sediment.

Another great factor in nature's wondrous workshop came into play here. *Organic* creatures secreted the lime from the water to form their cases or stems; and when they succumbed to the common lot of all, left their shells and skeletons to swell the evergrowing sea-floor. Our thick north-western limestone plateau was built up by successive colonies of coral polypes and beds of sea lilies, the north-eastern oolite by generations of somewhat similar zoophytes, and the chalk of the south-eastern by myriads of animalculæ; and, because living organisms originated them, we call them *organic* rocks. From similar developments going on now in various parts of the world, we are able to gather that the sandstones and clays were deposited near the shores of the older land, the limestones in clear water of moderate depth, and the chalk in the deep ocean. The accompanying map shows the areas of the various rocks in Yorkshire, and the diagram the order of their formation.

But for some *compensating force*, all land must eventually be reduced to the sea level. Nature provides such a force. Pressure and chemical change produce heat, and heat causes expansion. Highly heated rocks at a great depth, A compensating force. unable to expand laterally, force themselves up in great folds and crumples. The weakest parts are forced up highest, and when the whole area is raised above sea level, these highest parts are mountains and hills. In the upheaval, great breaks occurred, the rocks on one side of the fracture slipping down, sometimes hundreds, sometimes even as much as 3,000 feet below the same rocks on the other side. Whether the upheaval was gradual or sudden is somewhat uncertain; but the coast of Norway is now undergoing slow elevation, as the result of some such internal force.

### CRAVEN.

THIS N.W. part is called Craven, the land of crags, because of its bold cliffs and scars. We can roughly mark its limits in this way. Take a line due N.W. from Ilkley, then two parallel lines, one 10 miles E., and the other 10 miles W., and you include roughly the

whole of this limestone district. The southern part of it forms the lower undulating ground we spoke of as breaking in between the higher northern and southern parts of the western range, where the hills are nowhere more than 700 feet high, because this part was thrown down 1,000 feet or more by one of the great breaks previously alluded to, called the Craven Fault; and all along the N. side right across the Pennines, from Thresfield on the Wharfe, to Kirby Lonsdale, bold steep cliffs mark the line of fracture. North of this, we mount a limestone plateau, rarely less than 1,000 feet high. It is not continuous. Long and deep river-valleys are cut across it, and their tributaries have worn deep transverse valleys into it, dividing it into broad fells, known by local names, but similar in character. Sometimes their surface is cut into ledges, or thickly fissured with water-worn crevices, where ferns, especially hart's-tongues, flourish. In parts they are clad with short and thin, but very nourishing grass; but the prevailing vegetation of the higher and wilder portions, where gritstone caps the limestone, is ling. From the southern and western parts of this plateau rise Whernside (2,414 feet), Ingleborough (2,373 feet), Penygant (2,250 feet), Great Whernside (2,310 feet), and a host of other summits closely approaching them in elevation. It was long popularly supposed that

“Whernside, Penygant and Ingleborough  
Are the highest hills all England thorough.”

Accurate surveys prove that they are not even the highest in Yorkshire, for Mickle Fell (2,580 feet), right up in the N.W. corner, beyond Stainmoor (Stony-moor), overtops the proudest of them by 181 feet.

One point about all these highest hills is very noteworthy. They are all capped by a thick bed of gritstone. It is to this cap they owe their pre-eminence. The hard gritstone has preserved them from the waste which has worn down the limestone around. From these patches, too, we conclude that gritstone once covered the whole area. Most limestone hills ascend by a succession of scarps, rising from shelving strips of bright, green grass. Though limestone is blue when first broken, it soon becomes white on exposure to the air, and the alternation of grassy slopes and white cliffs forms a distinctive feature in the landscape of some of the dales. The grass of this district is very

Cragn—  
Land of  
Craggs.

Craven  
Fault, with  
Limestone  
Plateau  
above.

Fells,  
Summits,  
and Grit-  
capping.

Scarps and  
Terraces.

nutritious, and hence Craven is one of the best grazing and feeding districts in England. Lead is found in *vetus* and *pockets* in all its dales, and has been got there, more or less extensively, from the time of the Romans downward.

### THE SOUTH-WEST.

HERE all the elevated ground is millstone grit, forming wild, wide, heathery moors, ranging from 500 to 1,000 feet high in the eastern part, rising to over 1,500 at Blackstone Edge, and to 1,859 at Holme Moss, the highest point in the south-western range. With the change of rocks we get more wild and dreary landscapes, and while in the Craven dales.

Heathery  
Moors.

"The ash reigns queen,

In graceful beauty scaring to the sky,"

the south is the home where the oak,

"King of the groves, his stately form uprears,

His bulk increasing with increasing years."

East of the south-western millstone grit is an undulating tract formed of the coal measures, of which a line drawn from Bingley to Leeds forms the northern end. From thence it stretches in a broad band southward past Sheffield into the neighbouring counties. In this area beds of coal occur, varying in thickness from a few inches to a few feet, separated by layers of clay, shale, and sandstone, down to 1,500 feet or more. Thus separated, we often find several beds of coal spreading over the same area, at different depths below each other. Below each seam of coal there is, in every case, a layer of clay, called by Yorkshire miners "*sparin*," or, if very hard, *gannister*. All these beds of clay contain fossil roots, called *stigmaria*, which form an important clue to the way in which beds of coal were spread with so much regularity and uniformity over such large areas. Each bed of clay was in turn the surface soil, upon which vegetation of a tropical character grew and multiplied rapidly. The waste from this vegetation formed beds of peat. Slow depression of the area let in the sea over it, and streams and currents deposited upon it the sand and mud, which, by pressure and chemical change, like that which changed the pasty peat into hard coal, were converted into sandstone and shale, &c. And so these alternations between land and sea-floor went on all over the Coal Measures as often as we find coal seams.

Coal  
Measures—  
Origin of  
Seams.

East of this, magnesian limestone, then red sand, then lias clays, form the base of the great plain across to the eastern hills. The northern part of these, the Hambleton Hills, the Cleveland Hills, and the North York moors are of oolite. Their highest points are Burton Head, 1,489 feet, and Roseberry Topping, 1,047. Roseberry Topping is the *burgh*, or camp, on the *topping*, or high point of the *rhoos*, or moor. Its summit affords a magnificent view of Teesdale and of the expansive moors around—

“Where nothing grows,  
So keen it blows,  
Wild Moors. Save here and there a graceless fir,  
From Scotland with its kindred fled,  
That waves its arms and makes a stir,  
And tosses its fantastic head.”

Since the opening of the Pickering and Whitby Railway, by way of the Grosmont iron mines, parts of these moors have been converted into pastures by copious dressings of burnt lime, which everywhere produces spontaneous growth of white clover.

Cleveland, which includes both the hills so called and the low country between them and the Tees, is supposed to owe its name to the “cleaving” or tenacious character of its clayey soil; or, perhaps more correctly to the Norse “*Klifland*,” the *Cleft* or *cliff* land.

The Wolds are a great undulating plateau of chalk, varying from 400 to 600 feet in height, rising to 800 feet at Wilton Beacon, their highest point. Though now one of the richest agricultural districts in England, covered with prosperous sheep and corn farms, they were, at the beginning of the century, mostly devoted to sheep-walks and rabbit-warrens, thickly overgrown with bracken and furze. Bones being found excellent tillage for its soils, many cargoes were brought from the great battle-fields of Western Europe, and so applied; as curious a use of many a fallen warrior's remains as Hamlet's whimsical idea that—

“Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.”

While in all the other Yorkshire hills we are struck with the abundant springs everywhere bursting forth, here one is equally struck by their absence. The rainfall rapidly filters through the porous

Gypseys. chalk until, arrested by its base of clay, it forms intermittent springs known as *gypseys*, to which Drayton thus alludes—

“ . . . My prophetic spring at Veipsey I may show,  
That some years is dried up, some years again doth flow;  
But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth,  
It tells the following year of a penurious dearth.”

Presenting everywhere, along the northern and western sides, a somewhat steep, unbroken front, and quite devoid of those deep incisive dales which give all the charm of variety to the other hills, with only patches of artificial plantation here and there, the Wolds are comparatively lacking in natural beauty.

They have, however, from their western face, a charming view over the Great Plain away to Goole, Selby, and York, with glimpses here and there of the Ouse winding through it to the Humber, widely glistening to the south.

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### THE GREAT CENTRAL PLAIN.

FOR long ages the Great Yorkshire Plain remained part of a landlocked sea, with the eastern and western hills forming its opposing cliffs; and many of the beetling precipices along these facing lines, and up the dales (then fiords), owe their character to the action of its waves. We have seen what tremendous denudation has taken place in the N.W., and here we find the base rocks often thickly covered with drift from that district and beyond. Though now almost everywhere well farmed, such was by no means so universally the case about the close of the last century.

Vale of  
York—a sea  
flow, drift  
overlying it.

The drainage of Wallingfen Common—a low, level tract, stretching a few miles inland from the Humber, between Howden and Brough—converted a large otherwise marshy tract into good arable land. Strensall Common, near York; Allerthorpe Common, near Pocklington; and Skipwith Common, near Selby, are still large, open, uncultivated spaces, but are being gradually encroached upon. To the N.E. of Allerthorpe Common is a large patch of poor allotments in the neighbourhood, ironically called California. About it, for some distance, the soil is a light sand, easily shifted by the wind, which makes excellent land when marled. At a slight depth beneath this, is a hard rock of red sandstone called in the district *Norseman*, probably from the similarity to the hardy character of that race. “Hard as Norseman” is a very common expression in the vale.

Wallingfen,  
Strensall,  
Allerthorpe,  
Skipwith.

## RAINFALL.

**M**ORE rain falls among the western hills than further east, because they intercept the westerly vapour-laden breezes from the wide Atlantic. Hence the couplet—  
 “When clouds are on the hills,  
 They’ll come down by the mills.”

The mills that one still frequently comes across, form a striking feature on many of our streams.

The average annual rainfall is, in the N.W. 43 inches, in the S.W. 23 inches, among the eastern hills, about 30 inches, and in the Vale of York, 24 inches. As river-valleys determined the great lines of man’s settlement in villages or towns, we shall find in tracing them, that we come in contact with most of the places in Yorkshire noteworthy either for their historical associations or their industrial development.

R. valleys,  
 determining  
 sites of  
 towns and  
 villages.

## SWALEDALE.

**T**HE Swale, means the “gentle” river, a character applicable to it only in its lower portions, for in the first 30 miles of its course, down to Catterick Bridge, it falls 1,000 feet, rushing through a valley so narrow in its upper part that often only two or three small fields

The Gentle  
 River.  
 Source.

intervene between its banks and the steep declivities of the moors on either side. Its parent springs converge from an amphitheatre of high dreary moorlands, 1,500 feet above the sea, from which rise the grit-capped summits of High Seat, Fell End, Nine Standards, and Shunnon Fell, all over 2,000 feet. Completely shut in by this moorland crescent, its course, down to the small market town of Muker, is most desolate and uninteresting. Below this, however, the valley widens, and the river winds on to another small market town, Reeth, the capital of the lead-mining industry of Swaledale. Here it receives the Arkle, from Arkendale, which forms a picture of terrific wildness during floods.

Muker,  
 Wild Arkin-  
 dale.  
 Lead-mines.

From Reeth, past Grinton, Marske, and Hudswell, to Richmond, the valley widens considerably, but still retains its mountain character. At Richmond, or *Rich-Mount*, probably so called from the beauty of its surrounding scenery and the quality of the soils, on a bluff rising perpendicularly from the river, stand the remains of an ancient Norman castle, which, from its almost impregnable position, was long regarded as one of the bulwarks of the north. In it was imprisoned

Richmond,  
 its position  
 and scenery,  
 Castle, &c.



William, the Lion of Scotland, after his defeat at Alnwick in 1174. From the top of the Keep, 100 feet high, we get a glorious view over the wide vale as far as York Minster, 40 miles away, as the crow flies. Part of the original building constructed by Alan the Red, on whom Richmond was bestowed by the Conqueror, still remains.

A legend says that in a vault beneath this castle lie King Arthur and

“All

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights,  
Whereof the world holds record,”

Legend of  
Potter  
Thompson.

sleeping until the time when England's greatest need shall again rouse them to her aid. Long ago, the legend goes on, a man wandering round the hills was led down to this vault by a mysterious guide, who placed in his hands a horn and sword. As he attempted to draw the sword every sleeper stirred, as if waking. Casting down the weapon, he fled in terror, pursued by the bitter tones of his strange guide ringing in his ears—

“Potter, Potter Thompson,  
If thou had either drawn  
That sword or blown that horn,  
Thou'd been the luckiest man  
That ever was born.”

By the way-side, where the road from Richmond to Castle Bolton, by Hawkswell Moor and Scarth Nick, dips into Swaledale, is Hart Leap Well, named from the old hunting days, when an unusually large and powerful stag, that had distanced all the hunters but one, who pressed him hard, gave three stupendous bounds down the declivity, and dropped dead at this spot. When the hunter reached him,

Hart Leap  
Well.

“Upon his side the hart was lying stretched,  
His nose half touched a spring beneath the hill,  
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched,  
The waters of the well were trembling still.”

From Catterick Bridge, the Swale winds, with innumerable convolutions, through rich pastures overlying the new red sandstone, to its junction with the Ure. On the way, it receives Grimscar Beck, from the hills above Bedale on the right; and the rivers Wiske and Codbeck from the Cleveland hills on the left; the former coming by way of North-allerton, and the latter past Thirsk.

Confluence.

Bedale.

About four miles east of Thirsk is Gormire Lake, surrounded by hills, covering an area of about 16 acres, and supposed to have been

**Gormire  
Lake and  
White Horse  
of Whitstone  
Cliffe.**

formed by a landslip. In the face of Whitstone Cliffe, at one end of this lake, a White Horse, similar to the Berkshire one, cut out of the turf, is visible from some distance. The lake is fed by unseen springs, and has no visible outlet. Its depth gives so little hope of its ever being dried up, that there is a saying in the district—

“When Gormire riggs shall be covered with hay,  
The White Mare of Whitstone Cliffe shall bear it away.”

**Battle of the  
Standard.** On Cuton Moor, near Northallerton, was fought the famous Battle of the Standard, in 1138, when Thurstan, Archbishop of York, defeated the Scotch, who had invaded the country under pretence of supporting the cause of Matilda. The standard, mounted on a waggon, has been thus described—

“A mast of a ship, it is so high,  
All bedecked with gold so gay;  
And on its top is a Holy Cross,  
That shines as bright as day.  
Around it hang the holy banners  
Of many a blessed saint;  
St. Peter, and John of Beverley,  
And St. Wilfrid there they paint.”

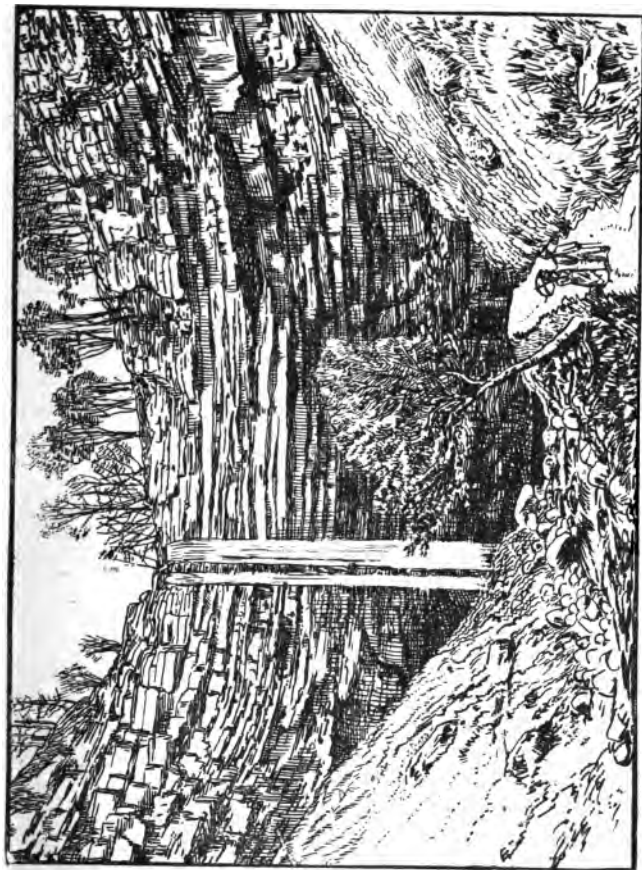
Of the result, another writer says—

“Long Scotland shall weep and her maidens shall mourn;  
Their lovers no more to their arms will return;  
On the moorlands of Cuton they sleep in their gore,  
And reply to the voice of affection no more.”

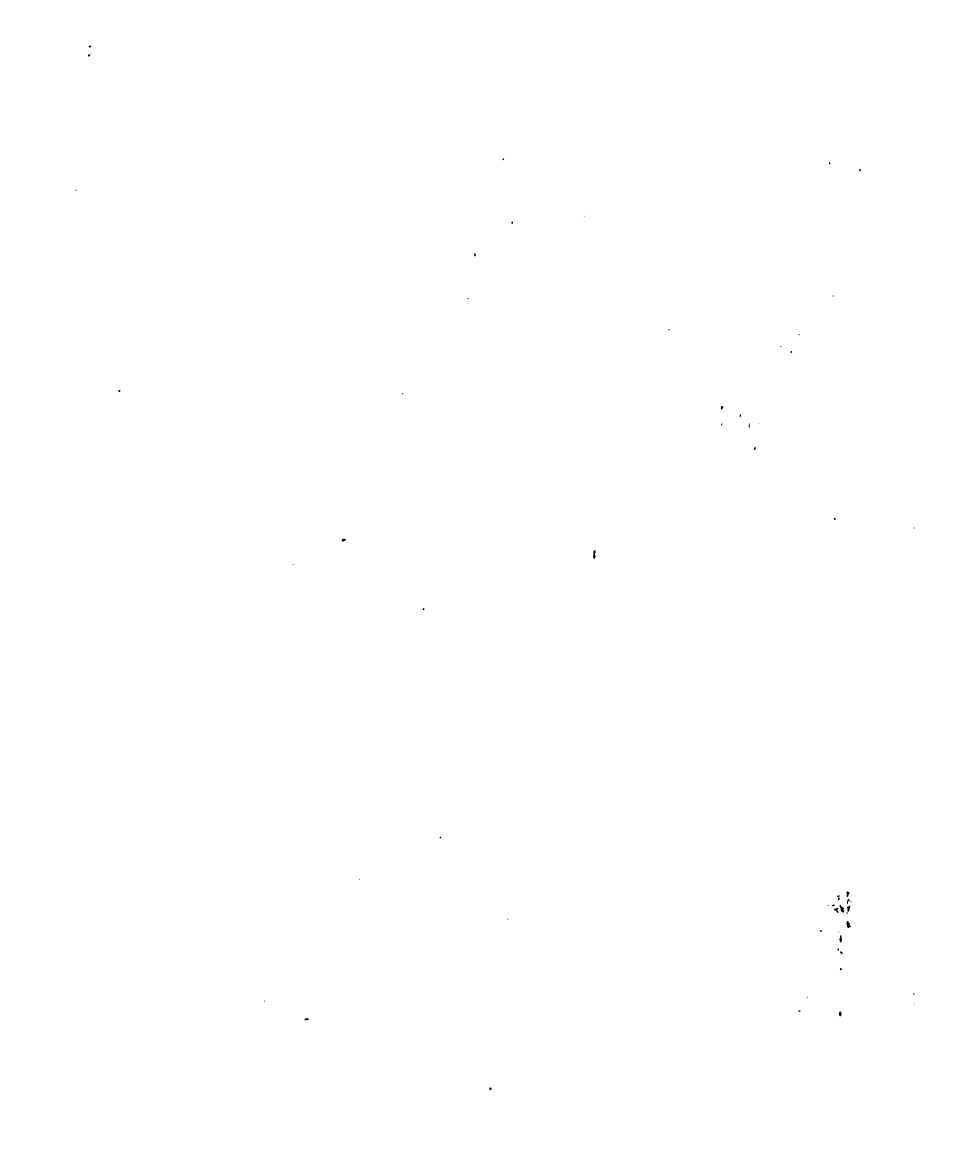
## WENSLEYDALE.

**T**HIS is the name given to the valley of the Ure, from the village of Wensley near its entrance, and probably the village got its name from the old British word “*gwyn*,” white, because of the white scarps of the hills, which add so much to the charms of the dale, and help to make it one of the finest in Yorkshire. Some derive the name from *Woden*. The Ure, which means “*the water*,” is formed by streams from Shunnor Fell, Dod Fell, and Widdale Fell, in a district that Camden described long ago as “such a dreary waste, and horrid silent wilderness among the mountains, that certain little rivulets that creep here are called by the neighbourhood ‘Hell Becks,’ *i.e.*, rivers of hell.”

**Origin of  
name.  
Source of  
Ure.**



HARDRAW FORCE.



especially that at the head of the Ure, which runs under a bridge of a single rock in so deep a channel as to strike the beholder with horror. In this part, goats, deer, and stags of extraordinary size, with large branching horns, find a secure retreat." Since then, not only have the goats and deer and stags disappeared, but the forests that sheltered them have disappeared also. While now, about Hawes, which is but 700 feet above the sea, there is very little wood; rooted fragments and prostrate trees in the peat of what is still called Bolland Forest, at about the same elevation, and similar remains on the slope of Ingleborough, up to a height of 1,300 feet, show that such forests flourished where now no amount of care could rear the hardiest trees. Similar instances of change of climate are found in many parts of northern Europe, but what caused the change is a nut nobody has yet succeeded in satisfactorily cracking. The most probable theory appears to be variation in the inclination of the earth's axis to the ecliptic. Above Hawes, one of the streams from Shunnor Fell takes a clear leap down of 99 feet, at Hardraw Force, where

Hardraw  
Force.

"Down, down, precipitous and rude,  
The rocks abruptly go,  
While through their deep and narrow gorge  
Foams on the brook below."

In Hardraw, with its

"Barraine cliffs and clints of wonder,"

we have a capital illustration of the carving out of glens and valleys by running water. The rock over which the stream is precipitated is a limestone layer on a shaly bed. The scaly schist decomposes more rapidly than the superincumbent limestone, which is thus left as a projecting ledge. By-and-bye the ledge snaps and falls to the bottom of the ravine, which is strewn with the rocky ruins of former similar ledges. You can pass behind the fall into the recess formed by the retreating schist, and watch the sunlight weave fairy patterns in the dancing curtain. In 1740, when a fair was held on the frozen Thames, at London, this fall was converted into an enormous crystal tube of ice, through the middle of which, for a time, part of the stream could be seen running.

A stream  
at work.

Four miles below Hawes, at Bainbridge, the Bain brings in the overflow of Seamer Water, a lake of legendary miraculous origin. If, as is probable, it was formed by a landslip, there may be some modicum of truth in the history, the story of the wayfarer being

Bain and  
Bainbridge,  
Legend  
of Seamer  
Water.

introduced to impress the doctrine of charity and hospitality. It goes that, in apostolic days, a city stood on the site. A poor old wayfaring man vainly begged from door to door therein for food and shelter, until the occupants of a humble cot without the city took him in. On his departure next morning, he gave his blessing to his hosts, but turning towards the city, said—

“Seamer Water rise, Seamer Water sink,  
And swallow all the town,  
Save this little house,  
Where they gave me meat and drink.”

Amid the roar of an earthquake, and the rushing of water, down sank the city, and the smooth water covered it, all but the hut wherein he had found a refuge.

At Bainbridge, though the woods are gone, a forest custom survives. At ten o'clock every night through the  
The Forest winter, a hunting horn is blown on the green, just as  
Horn. it used to be when the sound would be a welcome  
signal to belated huntsmen in the neighbouring mazes.

Away through the verdant valley, bordered by its scarped hills, with their grassy ledges, the river passes

“Askrigg, market noted,  
But no handsomnesse about it,”

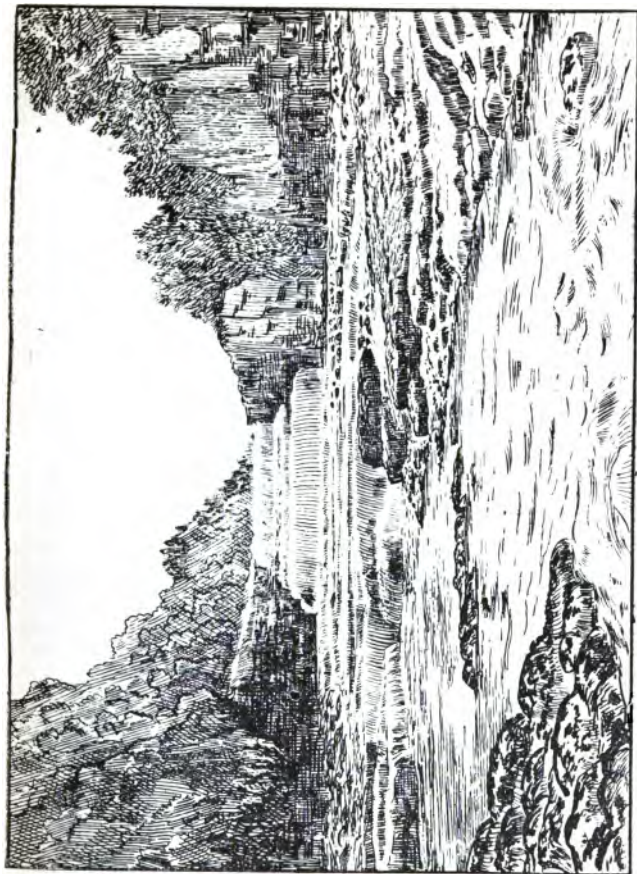
to Aysgarth Force, a scene that rivals the Cataracts of the Nile.

Whether we take Aysgarth as formed from the British  
Rocky words *aysg-arth*, rocky water, or from the Norse, *æsir-*  
Water, or *gardr*, the Garden of the Gods, both are equally appli-  
Garden of cable. For, while in a narrowed channel, between wall-  
the Gods. like limestone rocks, the river falls in a broad curtain

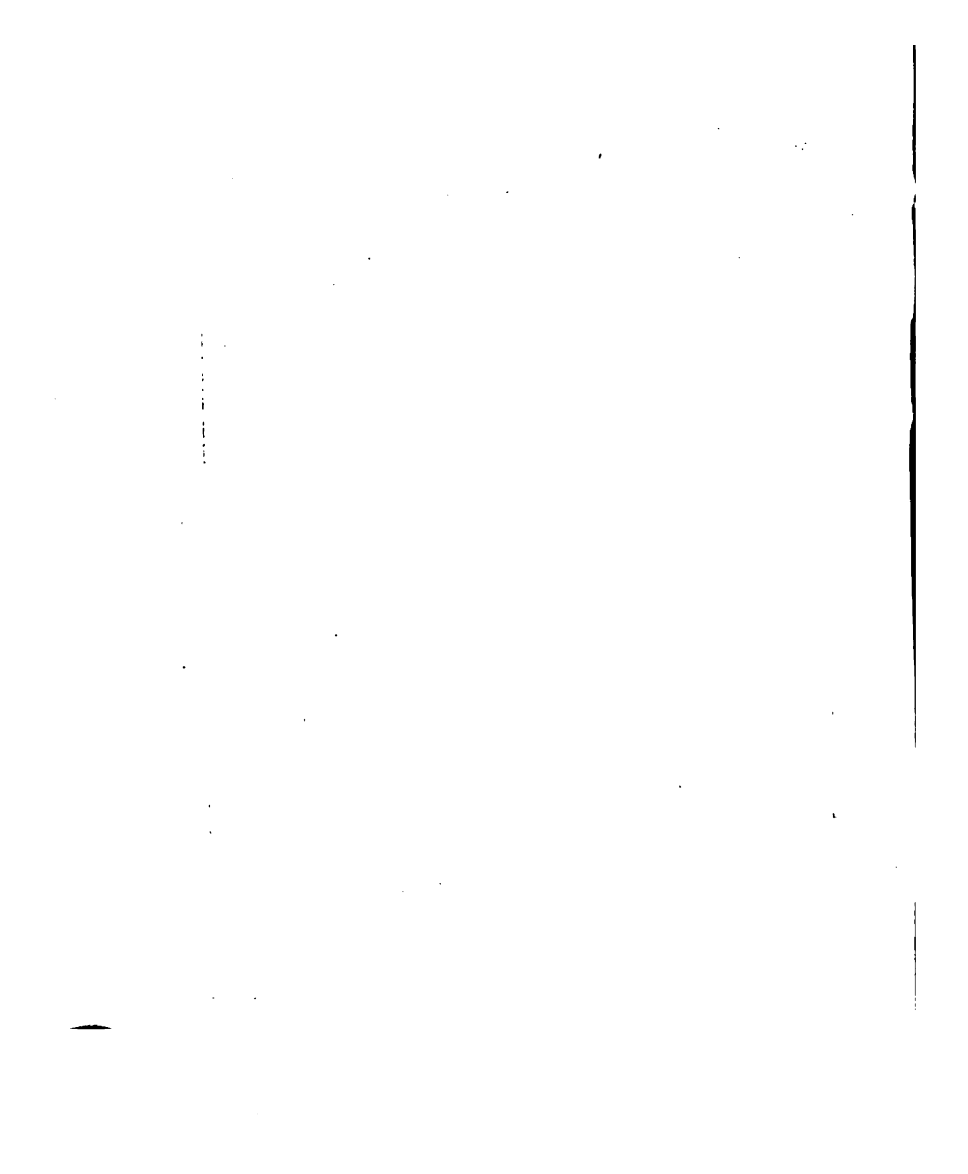
over three successive steps, the hazel-clad banks, and the sloping wood, with the pretty church peeping from its leafy bower, make one of the loveliest sylvan scenes imaginable. When floods send down large volumes of water, the steps disappear, and the descent forms one great rapid, rushing down with tremendous force. Then

“With tumult’s wildest roar,  
Recoil the billows, reels the giddy shore.  
Dashed from its rocky bed, the winnowed spray  
Remounts the regions of the cloudy way;  
While warring columns fiercer combats join,  
And make the rich, rude, thund’ring scene divine.”

Below this the valley widens, and the hills become less wild.



AYSGARTH FORCE.





Occupying the rough, craggy slope to the left of the river, above Aysgarth, is one of the two or three warrens of silver-grey rabbits in England, kept for their fur. It belongs to the Metcalfes, of Nappa Hall, further up the dale, a place said to have had among its guests Raleigh and King James, and where the bedstead of Mary Queen of Scots is still preserved. An amusing story is told of the origin of the name and arms of the family. In the days before the extirpation of wild animals, two men saw lying in the woods through which they were passing, some animal they could not make out. One fled, the other advanced. The animal proved to be only a harmless calf. When the tale got out, one was dubbed Metcalfe (*met a calf*), and the other, who took to his heels, was called *Lightfoot*.

Silver  
Rabbits.

Metcalfe and  
Lightfoot.

The Queen's bedstead came from Bolton Castle, on the slope to the left below Aysgarth, where she was for some time imprisoned under the care of Lord Scroope, and from which it is said she escaped, but was re-captured at a place called the Queen's Gap, on Leyburn Shawl. This is the only prison of Mary yet existing. This Shawl (*shaw = a wooded hill*) is a very fine natural terrace overlooking Leyburn, at the entrance to the dale. It commands a splendid view up the valley which, with its scarped hills and green pastures, forms a striking contrast to the waving cornfields of the Vale of York in the other direction.

Bolton  
Castle,  
Mary Queen  
of Scots and  
Leyburn  
Shawl.

Below Leyburn, whose churchyard contains the grave of the doctor in whose arms Nelson expired at Trafalgar, the river bends southward past Middleham, where the King-maker's northern stronghold, with its walls and towers massive still even in their ruins, look down upon the more wasted relics of Coverham Abbey, half hidden by the woods that here embower the course of the Cover,

Warwick's  
Stronghold.  
Sovereign  
and Subject.

"Amongst the trees and groves,

In Middleham's amorous eye as wand'ringly it roves."

Commandingly and picturesquely placed, Middleham Castle is no unfit embodiment of the feudal power of its famous owner—

"The setter up and plucker down of kings,"

who to the remonstrances of his deposed sovereign could say—

"Aye, but the case is altered ;

When you disgraced me in my embassy,

I degraded you from being King.

My Lord of Somerset, at my request  
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conveyed  
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York."

It was within these walls the prelate kept his royal prisoner, but with a guard so lax that he escaped by the aid of his brother, Gloucester, and others, who had

"Advertised him by secret means,  
That if about this hour he make this way,  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends with horse and men,  
To set him free from his captivity."

Coverdale, wild and bare in its upper reaches, but, as we have seen, beautifully wooded lower down, produced Miles Coverdale, famous for his translation of the Bible. At Pennithorne, on the other side of the Ure opposite, lived the eccentric author, Hutchinson, who maintained that, as the Bible speaks of the "four corners of the earth," the world must be square and the theory of its rotundity a delusion.

Ulshaw Meadow, in the fork of the junction of the Cover and Ure, the ancient gathering place of the dalesmen when summoned to war, must have been the scene of many a stirring episode, when jerked yeomen with bill and bow and pike, headed by armoured knights and squires, set forth on "deeds of glory bent."

Passing Jervaulx (*Ure-vale*) Abbey, which Scott has surrounded with living memories in his *Ivanhoe*, the river brings us to Masham, famous among farmers for its sheep fairs, and interesting to musicians as the birthplace of Jackson, one of our foremost English composers. A little south of Masham is Hackfall, where rich woods and towering rocks form one of the most beautiful glens in England, entered near the village of Grewelthorpe, noted for its cream cheeses. Below Masham the Ure flows past Tanfield, where we still find the old hall, once the home of the Marmions, some of whose sculptured tombs may be seen in the ancient church.

A few miles lower it reaches Ripon (*River-town*), so famed in feudal days for the mettle of its spurs, that

"As true as Ripon rowels"  
Ripon and its rowels. passed into a proverb; and Fuller wrote of them—  
"Indeed the best spurs of England are made at Ripon,

a famous town in this county, whose rowels may be enforced to strike through a shilling, and will break sooner than bow." Here, as at Bainbridge, the nightly horn is still blown. The Mayor of Ripon is called the Wakeman still. The pride of the town is its Cathedral, first built by St. Wilfrid in 661, and since more than once partially destroyed and restored. In the thick wall of a vault beneath the tower is an opening, 13 inches by 18 inches, called St. Wilfrid's Needle, the sides of which are worn smooth by the dresses of persons who have, in olden times, squeezed themselves through, either as a penance, or as a test of innocence. Fuller says, in his days, "They pricked their credits who could not thread the needle." From the top of its tower is a magnificent view over rich woodlands and yellow cornfields.

Ripon  
Cathedral  
and  
St. Wilfrid's  
Needle.

Fountains Abbey and Studley Royal, on the Skell, three miles away, amid umbrageous woods of elm and yew, form a scene of beauty unparalleled by anything of the kind in England. Near it is Robin Hood's Well, and the glade where he fought with the Curtall Fryer. The legend tells that Robin was one day so pleased with the archery of Little John, that he vowed he would ride 100 miles to find his match. Then Will Scadlocke laughed, and said—

Fountains  
Abbey,  
Robin Hood,  
and the  
Curtall Friar.

"There lives a Curtall Fryer in Fountaine's Abbey  
Will beate both him and thee."

Donning harness and helmet, Robin set off at once to find him. They met in this glade, and Robin said—

"Carry me over this water, thou Curtall Fryer,  
Or else thy life's forlorne."

The friar obeyed and took him over without a word, but on the other side he said—

"Carry me over this water, thou fine fellow,  
Or it shall breede thy paine."

Robin, without any demur, took him on his back and carried him over, and then ordered the friar to carry him across again. This time the friar dropped him in mid-stream. Scrambling ashore, they fell to, and fought long and fiercely, until Robin, finding himself worsted, with his horn "blew blasts three," and fifty followers sprang from the woods to his aid. Then the friar "whuted whues three," and fifty dogs rushed to help their master. The fight continued until ten of the dogs lay dead, shot through by Little John, when the friar gave in, and became a member of Robin's band. The Abbey was built in

the twelfth century by monks from St. Mary's Abbey, York. Old chroniclers state that this beautiful valley of the Skell was then better fitted to be a den for wild beasts than a habitation for men. For a while the monks had no shelter but the spreading elms and yews, and rarely enjoyed the luxury of bread, their food being often only the leaves of trees, and herbs boiled with a little salt. Better times succeeded, and in the following century Fountains became one of the wealthiest and most beautiful abbeys in the land. Its monks obtained so high a reputation for sanctity, that wealthy people gave rich gifts to obtain right of sepulture within its walls, until, in Craven, it owned 60,000 acres, grazed by thousands of sheep and cattle.

"Low in a vale, with springs well stored, and wood,  
And sovereign herbs whence failing health's renewed,  
A neighbouring abbey next invites the eye;  
Stupendous act of former piety!  
From streams and springs which nature here contrives,  
The name of Fountains this sweet place derives."

Right through Wensleydale to Clifton Castle the Ure flows over limestone rocks; thence, for some distance, over millstone grit; and then along the magnesian limestone, from above Ripon nearly to Brough bridge; whence it flows through the great red sandstone plain to Aldborough, where it joins the Swale to form the Ouse.

Aldborough, "the old fortress," though now an insignificant place, was of considerable importance in British, Roman, and Saxon days.

Under the name of Isure it was probably the capital of Cartismunda, who betrayed the dauntless Caractacus into the hands of the Romans. These conquerors latinised the name into Isurium, and made it an important centre of the network of roads by which they made all parts of the county easily accessible to their legions, and added to the security of their tenure. The outlines of the ramparts that then defended it are still clearly traceable. If it was inferior to York as a citadel, it appears to have been little behind as a centre of arts and comforts of life; for it has yielded to the excavator such a harvest of relics, statues, tessellated pavements, bath and wall paintings, urns, sarcophagi, pottery, coins, ornaments of jet, glass, gold, silver, and brass, bronze lamps, &c., that antiquarians have called it the "British Pompeii."

The old  
fortress, the  
British  
Pompeii.

## NIDDERDALE.

WHILE the Swale and Ure rise in the bleak moors about the western confines of the county, the Nidd (*whirling*) is formed by rills from Great and Little Whernside, much further east. Throughout the greater part of its course, it possesses more the character of a mountain stream than any other of the Yorkshire rivers. Here we come across evidence of a very striking character—evidence that clearly indicates the geological period of the great convulsion, attended by all that upheaving and splitting of immense, wide-extending rocks, that determined the present contour. While the limestone and millstone grit were thrown up and contorted and split, to form the wilder scenery of *their* part of the district, the magnesian limestone underwent similar displacement to form the rock on which Knarborough Castle once proudly stood; but the red sandstone, contiguous to, and overlapping the magnesian limestone, remains undisturbed. Hence we infer that the great change occurred between the conclusion of the deposition of the magnesian limestone and the commencement of the deposition of the red sandstone.

Nidd Head—  
Mountains  
and period of  
upheaval.

Perhaps here, too, it is easier than elsewhere to trace in imagination the origin of these far-reaching dales; how an original cleft would form a fiord, which the subsequent action of the sea, followed by the more silent but equally effective action of stream and air and frost and rain, carved into its present form. One realizes then, that

Destiny  
of existing  
land.

“Men may come and men may go,  
But I flow on for ever,”

can only hold true until these forces have torn away and carried down the last particle of the *not* imperishable hills, into the sea from whence they sprang.

From Nidd Head, 2,000 feet above the sea, the rushing stream has scored out for itself a deep bed in the limestone down to Goyden Pot (or of a cave), an opening at the corner of an angular cliff, 9 feet high and 12 feet wide, down which it plunges into a subterranean channel, to re-appear at Lofthouse, two miles further down the dale. Skirting the cliff is an open bed, dry, except in floods when the orifice of the pot is too small to swallow the whole of the swollen waters.

Goyden Pot,  
Plunge  
into Sub-  
terranean  
Channel.

The hidden stream emerges from three mouths in a low limestone cliff, gently murmuring among a mass of loose stones when the waters are low, but boiling up with furious force when the river is flooded.

A little below it is joined by How Stean Beck, from the south of Great Whernside. Towards its head, this stream shoots down 16 feet over the rugged rocks of Park Foss. For a mile below this, it hurries between wooded banks, with rocks rising rugged and steep beyond; then, as it dashes down a series of rapids, at the foot of a lofty precipice of millstone grit and shales, clad with mosses, lichens, and ferns,—

How Stean  
Beck and  
Park Foss.

“Each wave is crested with tawny foam,  
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.”

Thence it continues, through a narrow gorge of limestone (Stean marble), to Stean Bridge,—

“Where Stean full many a fathom low,  
Wears with his rage no common foe;  
For pebbly bank nor sand-bed here,  
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,  
Condemned to mine a channelled way,  
O’er solid sheets of marble grey.”

From Lofthouse, the Nidd sweeps on through a wooded vale overhung by cliffs of millstone grit, from 800 to 1,000 feet high, past Ramsgill and Gouthwaite Hall to Pateley Bridge. To the natural beauties of this valley the strange story of Eugene Aram has added a weird, sad interest. Born at Ramsgill, married at Middlesmoor, hung in chains at Knaresborough; a self-taught linguist, orator, mathematician, and poet; a gardener’s boy, self-raised to the foremost ranks of genius, yet hung at last for participation in a murder committed thirteen years before, his fate is a living exemplification of the text—  
“Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”

“If,” says Philips, “Knaresborough must yield the palm to Richmond, it may boldly challenge any other town in Yorkshire to match its river, rocks, woods, castle, and houses piled up the sides of the cliff.” According to Leland, its castle, built by Serlo de Burgh after the Conquest, “numbrid eleven or twelve towres in the walles, and one very fayre beside in the second area.” Now it is so reduced that scarcely enough is left to say of it—

Knares-  
borough—  
Castle, Petri-  
fying Well,  
St. Robert’s  
Cave.

“See where Knaresbro’s castled towers  
O’erlook the vale below,  
But on the mould’ring turrets is  
Seen neither sling nor bow.”

No more its knights ride proudly forth,  
 With plumage dancing high ;  
 While armed vassals in the rear  
 Ring out their battle-cry."

Yet it was once noble enough for the residence of a royal prince, John of Gaunt, and strong enough to shield the four knightly murderers of Becket from the weak justice of those days. It was for a time the prison of Richard II., and was captured by the Royalists, after a brave resistance, subsequent to the battle of Marston Moor. One of the curiosities of Knaresborough is its Dropping Well. Springing at the foot of a limestone cliff, it spreads and trickles in tiny rills over a rock richly clad with foliage and flowers. Eggs, mosses, and other articles placed in the water become petrified by the lime with which it is strongly impregnated. Another place of interest is St. Robert's Cave (so called because it was the hermitage of Robert Flower, son of a Mayor of York), the place where Eugene Aram and his accomplices buried their victim, whose body was found there after the confession of one of the murderers. Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," in its concluding stanza, probably very accurately reproduced the idea that constantly haunted him through these intervening years—

Dream of  
 Eugene  
 Aram, and  
 his farewell.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,  
 Till blood for blood atones!  
 Aye, though he's buried in a cave,  
 And trodden down with stones,  
 And years have rotted off his flesh,  
 The world shall see his bones."

And his own words, written the night before his execution, notwithstanding the assertion of "no guilt," seem to betray that relief from constant anxiety which even discovery itself sometimes brings—

"Come, pleasing rest! eternal slumber fall,  
 Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all;  
 Calm and composed, my soul her journey takes,  
 No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches!  
 Adieu, thou sun! all bright like her arise;  
 Adieu, fair friends! and all that's good and wise."

The forest of Knaresborough covers an area of about 100,000 acres between the Nidd and the Wharfe, mostly on millstone grit, which forms here a plateau with a general elevation of about 300 feet, and a slightly undulating surface. In the higher part, towards the watershed on the west, it

Knares-  
 borough  
 Forest.

presents, for miles upon miles, a bleak and desolate expanse of ling, rushes, and bracken. Upon this plateau, about four miles S.W.

Harrogate from Knaresborough, is our great northern mineral  
Mineral spa, Harrogate, whose sulphur, saline, and chalybeate  
Springs. springs, welling up from great depths, rival the German  
spas in their medicinal qualities. Seventeen of them rise in a triangular piece of ground called "The Bogs," in Low Harrogate, some of them only a few yards apart, yet very different in chemical constituents. Smollett describes the district, over a hundred years ago, as "a wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or shrub, or the least signs of cultivation." Two hundred acres, called "The Stray," are to be reserved for ever from enclosure. The bracing air of such a high and open position is a powerful adjunct to the curative properties of its somewhat nauseous waters.

Near Pateley Bridge, Brimham Rocks to the east, and Guy's Cliffe to the west, stand, like giants, to "sentinel-enchanted lands." Guy's Cliffe, 1,000 feet above the sea, and 650 feet above the river, affords a splendid view of the woody valley and over the wide vale of York, into which it opens. From it "The scene

Is lovely round; a beautiful river there  
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,  
The paradise he made unto himself,  
Mining the soil for ages. On each side  
The fields swell upwards to the hills; beyond,  
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise  
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven."

Among the woods at the foot is Guy's Cliffe Tarn, 100 yards by 50, surrounded by moss-covered gritstone masses, fallen from the precipice above. Brimham rocks, covering an area of about 60 acres of elevated ground nearly 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, look, in the distance, like the ruins of a city. Exposed to the fierce storms of the unprotected uplands, wind and rain, perhaps continuing the work begun by sea breakers, have carved them into forms most grotesque and fanciful, named, according to their resemblance, Baboon's Head, Pulpit, Serpent's Head, Yoke of Oxen, Boat, Rocking Stone, &c.; but

"Amid this wondrous scene,  
Strangest of all, the Idol Rock appears,  
Stupendous mass! on pedestal so small  
That nothing save the most consummate skill  
Could so have placed it."



In addition to farming, lead mining; linen manufacture, and some coal getting, comprise the industries of this dale, after quitting which the Nidd flows across Marston Moor, and joins the Ouse a few miles above York.

Industries.

### WHARFEDALE.

CAM FELL, connected on its northern side with Upper Wensleydale, throws off the upper streams of the Ribble on the west, and Outershaw Beck and Greenfield Beck on the east, to form the Wharfe, or "swift" river. From its formation by the junction of these two streams, it flows through long, narrow Langstrothdale, past Hubberholme, with its rubble-stone church, to Buckden, a name preserving to us the character of this district in British or Saxon days; for since in both languages den=a dale, evidently this was a favourite haunt of the deer that then roamed wild amid its rocks and woods. Through part of Langstrothdale the river runs through dreary gritstone moors, and then enters the limestone through which it continues past Buckden, Starbotton, Kettlewell, Kilnsey, Conistown, Grassington, Thresfield, Linton, and Appletreewick, until it cuts into the millstone grit at Barden Fell. From Buckden, the valley,

Source.  
Langstroth-  
dale,  
Hubber-  
holme,  
Buckden.

Dreary  
Moors,  
Limestone  
Cliffs, Mill-  
stone Grit.

"Where deep and low the hamlets lie,  
Beneath a little patch of sky  
And little patch of stars,"

though wider than above, is still narrow, with but little wood, except about Grassington, the narrow slip of green pastures sloping up to scabrous limestone cliffs.

From Kettlewell we see Great Whernside and Buckden Pike swelling above the highlands up the valley, while Rylstone Fell, Barden Fell, and Simon's Seat rise above those to the south.

Between Kettlewell and Kilnsey the Wharfe is swollen by the Skirfare from Littendale, a narrow picturesque valley penetrating beyond Arncliffe (*Eagle's Cliff*) to the foot of Penygant, up which we get a view of the Duke of Wellington's Nose, a peak so called from its resemblance to the profile of the "Iron Duke." Just below its junction is the stupendous ancient sea-cliff, Kilnsey Crag, a huge rocky mass nearly half-a-mile long and 160 feet high, overhanging the river, beneath whose shadow the monks of Fountains Abbey washed and clipped their numerous flocks.

Littendale,  
'and  
Wellington's  
Nose.  
An old sea-  
cliff, Monks'  
sheep-shear-  
ing place.

As an instance of the slow decay of old superstitious belief in witches and witchcraft before the advancing light of knowledge, we may mention Kilnsey Nan, who, so late as the beginning of the present century, by the skilful manipulation of a trained guinea-pig and a pack of cards, won great repute throughout the dale as a "revealer of hidden things."

At Threshfield, too, the Besom Metropolis, belief in the supernatural lingered long. A story anent this is told of a miller of that village. Millers, from the time of Chaucer downwards, have had an evil reputation for "mouthering," pilfering, i.e., from the mouths of their customers' sacks, and an old Yorkshire saying goes "Honest millers have hairy palms." "This miller," the story says, "returning from market late one night mistook a wandering goat for the dreaded 'Barguest,' and, overwhelmed by fear, vowed he would be honest ever afterwards. Unfortunately, he discovered his mistake by and by, and returned to his evil practices." Threshfield Grammar School is credited with a lively, mischievous sort of ghost, called Old Pam, who used to fiddle to the dancing of his attendant sprites, much after the fashion of the "uncanny" being Burns so amusingly describes in Tam o' Shanter.

From Grassington to Appletreewick the valley is much wider, but there it narrows between gritstone rocks, until at the Grassington. "Strid," (*stride*), the river rushes with tremendous force through a narrow cleft only six feet wide.

"This striding place is called the Strid,  
A name which it took of yore;  
A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
And shall a thousand more."

Near Appletreewick, piercing the hills towards Nidderdale, is a narrow ravine half-a-mile long, 60 feet deep, and but a few yards wide, through which a rapid stream rushes over rugged boulder-like masses. This "Gordale of Appletreewick," the fabled haunt of a "barguest," bears the name of the Troller's Gill, from a legend which states that a Troller once ventured at the dark hour of midnight to penetrate its depths, and "with a potent spell" called on the "Spectre Hound,"—

"When a whirlwind swept by, and stormy grew the sky,  
And the torrent louder roared,  
While a hellish flame, o'er the Troller's stalwart frame,  
From each cleft of the gill was poured.

And a dreadful thing from the cliff did spring,  
 And its wild bark thrilled around,  
 Its eyes had the glow of the fires below—  
 "Twas the form of the spectre hound."

Next morning—

"By peasant men, where the horrid glen,  
 Doth it rugged jaws expand,  
 A corse was found, where a dark yew frowned,  
 And marks were impressed on the dead man's breast—  
 But they seemed not by mortal hand."

In Burnsall church tower, near Appletreewick, a stone records that "This church was repaired and Butified at the onlie costes and chardges of Sir William Craven, knight and alderme of the cite of London. And late Lord Mayre of the same. Anno dm. 1612." The story of this family rivals that of Dick Whittington. A poor lad went to London in a carrier's cart, made a large fortune as a mercer, and was raised to the dignities mentioned in the inscription. His son, Lord Craven, a knight errant, became the second husband of Elizabeth, the widowed Queen of Bohemia, and thus "the son of a Wharfedale peasant matched with the sister of Charles I."

A Yorkshire  
 Whitting-  
 ton, Father-  
 in-law of a  
 Queen.

Below the Strid, the valley opens, and forms one of the most delightful scenes, not only of Yorkshire, but of England; a scene of which Whitaker gives this vivid word picture:—"Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, &c., of the finest growth; on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of grey rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and further yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon's Seat and Barden Fell, contrasted to the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below." And amid this stand the well-preserved ruins of Bolton Priory, founded, says a doubtful legend, by Alice de Romillé, niece by marriage to David King of Scotland, in memory of her youthful son, who was drowned in the Strid.

Bolton  
 Woods and  
 Priory—  
 a word  
 picture.

"At Embsay rung the matin bell,  
 The stag was roused in Barden Fell;  
 The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,  
 And down the Wharfe a herne was flying;

The Boy of  
 Egremont.

When, near the cabin in the wood,  
 In tartan clad and forest green,  
 With hound in leash, and hawk in hood,  
 The Boy of Egremont was seen.  
 Blithe was his song—a song of yore—  
 But where the rock is rent in two,  
 And the river rushes through,  
 His voice was heard no more.  
 'Twas but a step, the gulf was passed ;  
 But that step it was his last !  
 As through the mist he winged his way  
 (A cloud that hovers night and day),  
 The hound hung back, and back he drew  
 The master and his merlin too !  
 That narrow place of noise and strife  
 Received their little all of life."

A forester who conveyed the sad news to the youth's mother, by way of preparing her for the shock asked, "What is good for bootless beane?" Her mother's feelings at once grasped his errand, and she replied, "Endless sorrow !" But

"When the grace  
 Of God had in her heart found place,  
 A pious structure, fair to see,  
 Rose up this stately priory."

Part of it is still used for service. As legend assigns to the Troller's Gill its supernatural visitant, the "Barguest," to the Strid it attaches another, the "White Horse of Wharfedale," popularly regarded as the herald of death to those who beheld it. On this is founded the story of the three sisters of Bethmeslie, in which they are depicted as here indulging in moonlight discourse about their various wishes, when

"The night winds howled o'er Bolton Strid,  
 The flood was dark and drear,  
 But through it swam the fairy queen's steed,  
 The Lady May to bear ;  
 And that milk-white steed was seen to skim  
 Like a flash of the moon on the water's brim.  
 The morning came, and the winds were tame,  
 The floods slept on the shore ;  
 But the sisters three of Bethmeslie  
 Returned to its hall no more."

The White  
 Horse of  
 Wharfedale.  
 Sisters of  
 Bethmeslie.

Both these "ghosts" are probably only relics of the old Norse mythology, which not only deified heroes, war, and the forces of nature, but personified their agents also. Thus their conception of Odin was a warrior-hunter on a milk-white steed, attended by his dogs (the spirits of strife and slaughter). Belief in a barguest, identical in description with that of the Troller's Gill, was far from uncommon in the East Riding 60 or 70 years ago, and even now the term "you barguest!" is often used as an epithet of opprobrium, to convey that the person so addressed is the incarnation of all that is bad and horrible. In Airedale this demon was known as the "Gyetrash," mentioned by C. Brontë. Evidently the White Horse of Wharfedale, and the Barguest and Gyetrash, are only lingering superstitions grown out of the Norseman's conception of his warrior deity.

Above the Strid is Barden Tower, built by the shepherd-lord, one of the Cliffords, of whom we shall learn more in the account of Skipton; and farther north, on Rylstone Fell, stood Norton Tower, which Wordsworth has so touchingly associated with Bolton Priory in his "White Doe of Rylstone." Briefly, this is the story: Norton and his eight good sons, bearing with them a banner worked by his daughter's hands, joined the Rising of the North, were taken prisoners, and executed. The eldest son, who had not only refused to join the insurgents, but endeavoured to dissuade his father from it, followed unarmed, and was allowed access to their prison. Commissioned by his father to place the banner in Bolton Priory, he was overtaken by a band sent in pursuit and murdered within sight of home. Buried in the churchyard of the Priory, his grave was one of the favoured haunts of the bereaved sister, accompanied by a tame milk-white doe; and after her death, when "gaily the Sabbath-bell summoned to prayer," the doe sought alone the spots they had frequented together,—

Barden  
Tower,  
Norton  
Tower, and  
the White  
Doe of  
Rylstone.

"But chiefly by that single grave,  
That one sequestered hillock green,  
The pensive visitant was seen."

Below Barden (*bear valley*) the river continues over the millstone grit, through a widening valley, backed by rugged hills, past Addingham and Ilkley to Otley, then through a still wider valley past Arthington and Harewood to Wetherby, whence it flows through magnesian limestone to Thorparch, near Boston Spa, where, entering the red sandstone, it winds past Tadcaster into the Ouse at Nun Appleton.

From  
Barden to  
Ouse.

Under the Romans, who called it *Olicana* (from *Llecan*=a rock), **Ilkley** was an important military station. Three remarkable ancient Saxon crosses are still preserved in its churchyard. Until recently an inconsiderable village, it has become a favourite health resort, and possesses in **Ilkley Wells** and **Ben Rhydding** two of the finest hydropathic establishments in the kingdom. Just behind it rise the steep cliffs of **Rombald's** (*Romellé's*) Moor, 800 to 1,000 feet high. Conspicuous on its edge are the hanging **Cow and Calf Rocks**, above **Ben Rhydding**. On these and other rocks on the moor are cup and ring marks. As similar marks are found on rocks in various parts of Asia, North Africa, and Europe, they are supposed to be religious symbols, probably connected with sun-worship. Below **Otley**, **Almes Cliff Crag** frowns darkly from its eminence to the left.

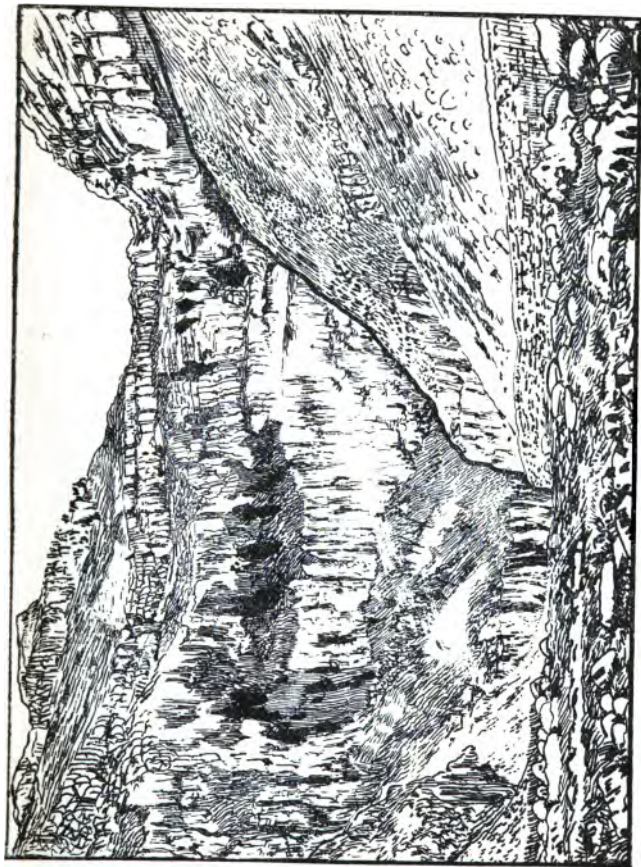
Near **Tadcaster** the **Wharfe** receives a small tributary, the river **Cock**, notable as flowing through the famous battlefield of **Towton**, where **Edward IV.** gained the decisive victory which ended the Wars of the Roses in favour of the House of York. In this conflict no quarter was given on either side, and 40,000 fell to rise no more. Hall says that, in trying to escape over the **Cock**, "so many were drent and drowned that the common people there affirm that men alive passed the river upon dead carcasses, and the great river of **Wharfe** was coloured with blood." Curiously, upon the scene of this final struggle between the red and white roses, there grows abundantly to this day a small shrubby rose.

"There is a patch of wild white roses that bloom upon a battlefield,  
Where the rival rose of Lancaster blushed redder still to yield.  
Four hundred years have o'er them shed their sunshine and their  
snow,  
But in spite of plough or harrow, every summer there they blow."

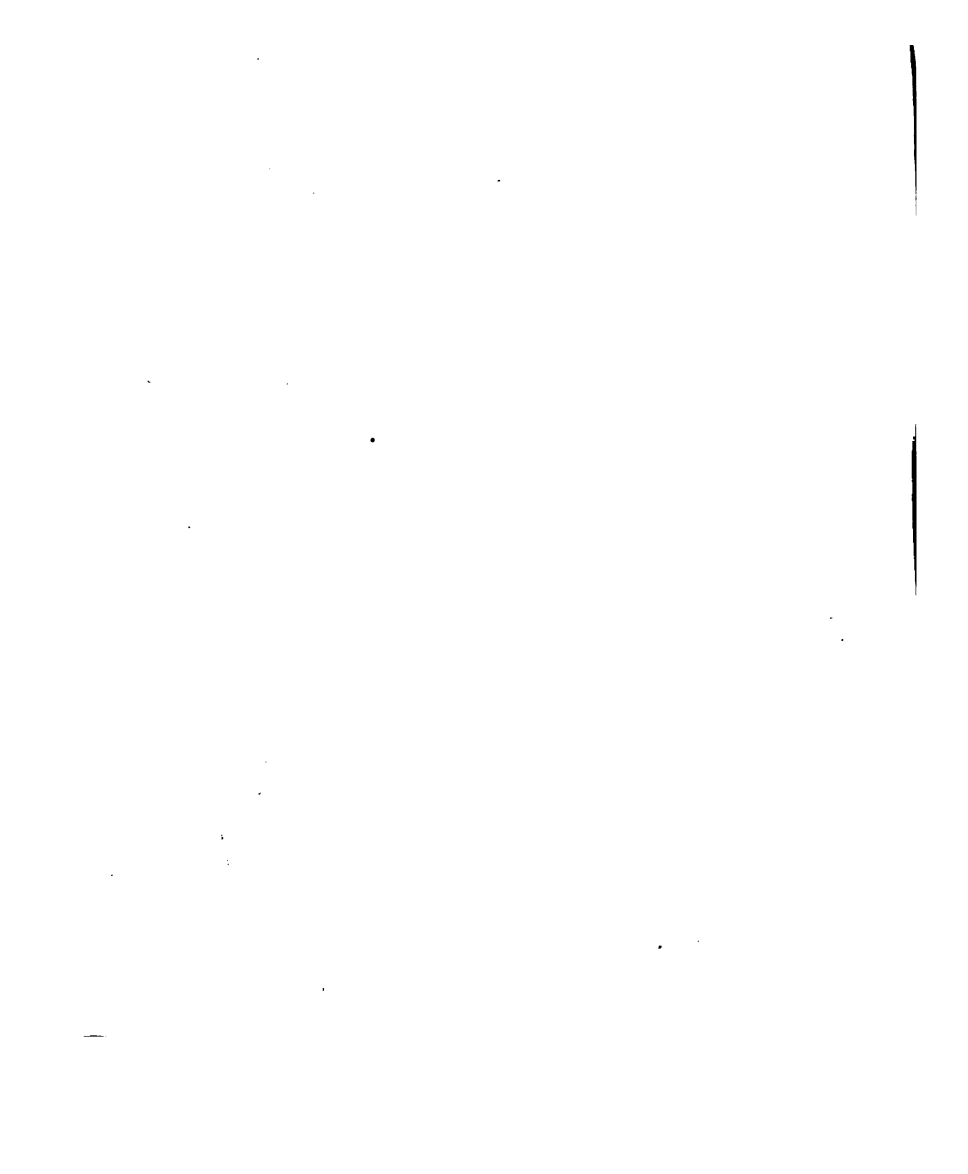
### AIREDALE.

**C**UTTING deep into the bold cliff of the **Craven fault**, just above **Malham**, is the great rift of **Gordale Scar**, one of the most awe-inspiring scenes in England. The poet **Gray** thus gives his impressions of it:—"As I advanced, the crags seemed to close in, but discovered an entrance to the left, between them. I followed my guide a few

**Gordale  
Scar—  
Gray's  
description.**



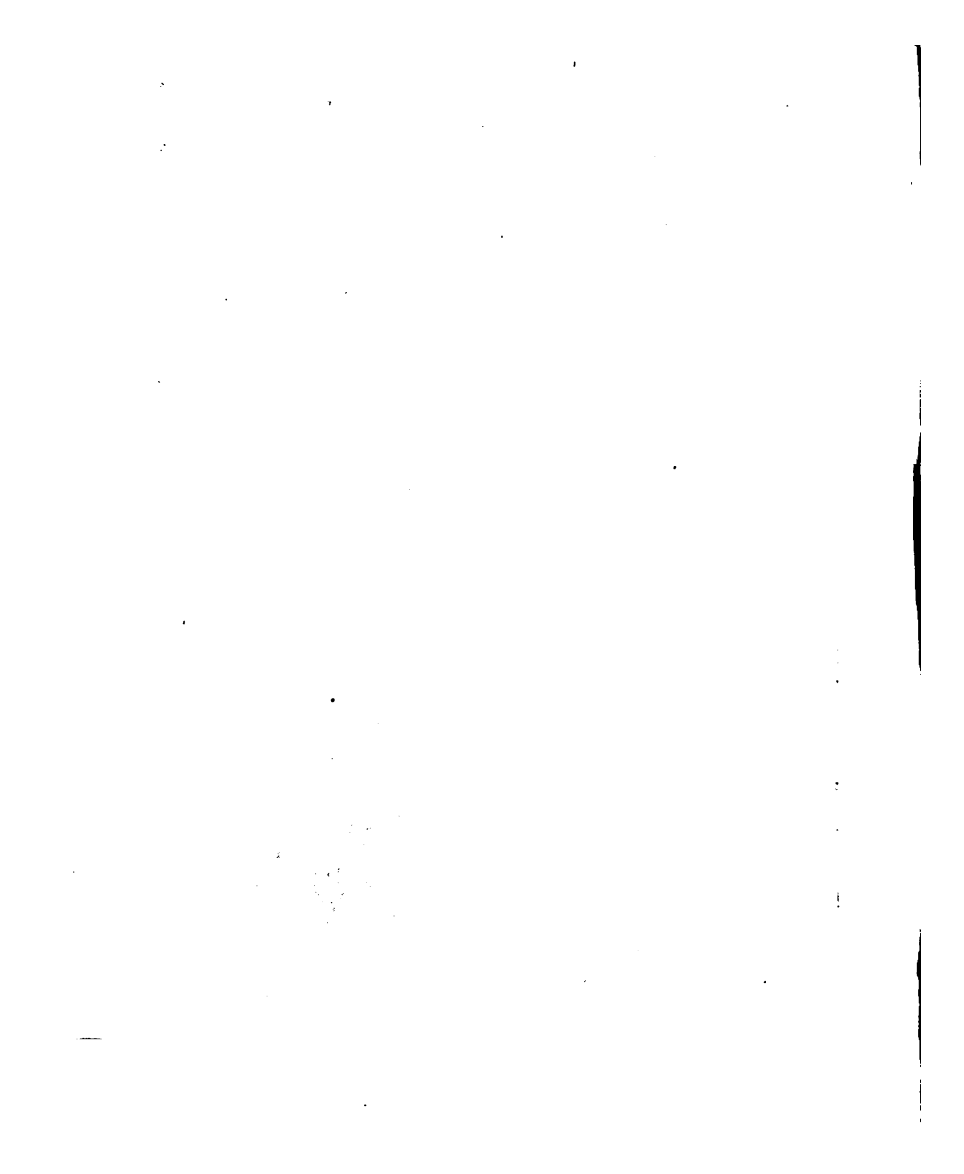
**GORDALE SCAR.**







MALHAM COVE.



paces, and the hills opened again into a large space; and then all further way seemed barred by a stream that, at the height of 50 feet, gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley. The rock on the left rises perpendicularly, with stubbed yew trees and shrubs starting from its side, to the height of at least 300 feet. But these are not the thing; it is the rock on the right, under which you stand to see the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forward over you, in one thick and solid mass, without any crevice in its surface, and overshadows half of the area below with its dreadful canopy. When I stood, I believe four yards from its foot, the drops which distil perpetually from its brow fell upon my head, and in one part of its top, more exposed to the weather, there are loose stones that hang in the air and threaten visibly some idle spectator with instant destruction. It is safer to trust to the mercy of that enormous mass, which nothing but an earthquake can stir. I stood there, not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly repaid, for the impression will last with my life."

A steep and toilsome ascent, to the left of the fall, gives access to the Fell above, and a couple of miles or so to the N.W., over limestone ledges, grassy patches, and fern-bowered fissures, amid a moorland expanse of long rough grass, is Malham Tarn. Tarn is an old Celtic word, meaning *a tear*. The idea is most poetic—a bright, glistening tear-drop let fall on the broad bosom of the Fell—a tear-drop of the gods, of Baal, the sun, perhaps they thought it. It suggests their idea of rain—tears of God, refreshing, brightening, beautifying, fructifying. It gives us some clue how the Hindoo came to regard his sacred river the Ganges, to which he owes so much, as formed by a tear of his god Vishnu. A stream issuing from the tarn disappears, some three or four furlongs to the south, in a "swallow," and reappears at Aireton, about four miles down the valley. From a scenic point of view it is a great pity the stream does not continue its surface course a mile further, for then its waters would form a fall twice the height of Niagara into the "semicirque profound" of Malham Cove, which is, practically, the source of the Aire, or "bright" river. For, from an opening shaded by a leafy grove of birch and ash, at the foot of the glistening, white crescent cliff, that rises sheer 300 feet, broken only by a single grassy ledge far up, where a

Malham  
Tarn—  
meaning of  
"Tarn."

A Swallow.  
Malham  
Cove, Source  
of the Aire.

few slender trees have found precarious footing, it issues a full stream, formed by subterranean currents from the fells above. Rising at the foot of the Craven Fault, and flowing among the low, undulating, little wooded hills of the great western break, its upper course is almost wholly free from those "cataracts and breaks" we have met with on the other streams. It pursues the "even tenour of its way" amid the sloping pastures of the rounded hills, past truly rural Malham and Aireton, past the whirling spindles of Bell Busk mills, beneath the woods of Coniston Cold to Gargrave, once the scene of a Scottish raid, when its defenders were slain, almost to a man, its churches burnt, and the place looted.

Doubled in volume by Eashton Beck, from Rylstone Fell and Malham Moors, the Aire continues past grit-capped Flasby Fell to the hilly pastures of Skipton (*Seap*, or *Sheep-town*). And as it was in olden times, so it still is, emphatically the town of sheep, for it is the great emporium through which the sheep and cattle, fattened on the rich herbage of the dales, pass into the hands of the butchers of the populous towns of the coalfields. The castle, built by Romillé, one of the followers of the Conqueror, was dismantled in the seventeenth century by the Parliament, and afterwards restored by a Lady Clifford. The motto in stone over the gateway "*Desormais*" ("henceforth"), indicates the determination of the family to defend their possessions, and the pride of confident

The  
Butcher's  
revenge and  
the Shepherd  
Lord.

power to do it. It was one of these Cliffords who earned the name of "butcher" by the murder of the youthful Duke of Rutland, who fell into his hands at the battle of Wakefield, and whose revengeful purpose is thus described by the Immortal Will—

"Henceforth I will not have to do with pity;  
Meet I an infant of the House of York,  
Into as many gobbets I will cut it  
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did."

And to all the pleadings of his victim his only reply was: "Thy father slew my father, therefore die." After Clifford's death at Towton, his son spent several years in hiding among the shepherds of the north, and when his lands were restored was known as the shepherd-lord. The rest of his life he spent—

"Most happy in the shy recess  
Of Barden's lonely quietness,

Where choice of studious friends had he  
 In Bolton's dear fraternity ;  
 And, standing on this old church tower,  
 In many a calm propitious hour,  
 Perused with them the starry sky ;  
 Or, in their cells, perchance did pry  
 For other lore—by keen desire  
 Urged in close toil with chemic fire,  
 The quest of golden transmutations,  
 Rich as the mind's most bright creations."

Only once did he quit his studious seclusion for martial scenes, when  
 at sixty years of age he led his retainers to Flodden Field.

"From Penygent to Pendle Hill,  
 From Linton to Long Addingham ;  
 And all the Craven coasts did tell  
 They with the lusty Clifford came."

Below Skipton, with a fall so gentle that,—

"There, winding Aire, enamoured of the phase,  
 Moves on so slow it seems to stop and gaze,"

it quits the lower undulations of Craven, and enters, near Kildwick,  
 the higher and more rugged hills of millstone grit.  
 The Long Church in Craven, at Kildwick, is said to  
 have had a clerk of poetic turn, who, on a bishop's  
 visit, announced a hymn of his own composing, com-  
 mencing—

Long Church  
 in Craven,  
 and its  
 poetic clerk.

"Ye little hills, why do ye skip,  
 And wherefore do ye hop ?  
 Is it because that ye have come  
 To see my Lord Bishop ?"

A little lower, at Keighley,

"Where are mountaines,  
 Steepy, threatning, lively fountaines,  
 Rising hills and barraine valleis,"

the Aire receives the Worth, coming through Worth Valley from the  
 wild moors beyond the ancient village of Haworth, the approach to  
 which A. Brontë thus describes in the *Tenant of Wildfell Hall*.:—  
 "As you ascend, the hedges as well as the trees become  
 scanty and stunted, the former at length giving place to  
 rough stone fences, partly greened over with ivy and  
 moss, the latter to larches and Scotch fir-trees or isolated blackthorns.

Home of the  
 Brontës.

The fields being rough and stony, and wholly unfit for the plough, were mostly devoted to the pasturing of sheep and cattle. The soil was thin and poor; bits of grey rock here and there peeped out from the grassy hillocks; bilberry plants and heather—relics of more savage wildness—grew under the walls; and in many of the enclosures rag-weed and rushes usurped supremacy over the scanty herbage." Beyond these desolate fields, "the brown heath-clad summit," with waves of similar summits "stretching far beyond; green where rush and moss overgrew the marshes; black where the dry soil bore only heath."

Perched on the moor's steep declivity, the village seems to look down the narrow valley, with its bold, closely facing mountains, into the busy world beyond. So the gifted three, the sisters Brontë, from the quiet retirement of their vicarage-home here, looked with the keen sight of genius into the world of nature and soul without. Not content to regard life as an empty dream, they acted in the living present, and produced those wondrously graphic word-pictures and Rembrandt-like characters which have placed theirs among the noblest works of fiction, and raised the rugged, obscure village into a literary shrine.

At Keighley, the Aire quits purely rural scenes, and crosses, in a south-easterly direction, the northern part of the Yorkshire coalfield, past Bingley, Saltaire, Shipley, Baildon, Calverley, Apperley Bridge, and Kirkstall Abbey to Leeds.

At Bingley, the bordering hills are often ridged with naked rocks, and conspicuous among these is the Druids' Altar—

Druids' Altar.	"The rock which still retains the <i>altar's</i> name Had honours paid, and mighty was its fame. There 'tis presumed the mistletoe was laid, While to their unknown god the Druids prayed."
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Saltaire, with its gigantic mill, model dwellings, and beautiful educational institutions, is unique. It is a splendid and enduring monument of the business capacity and perseverance of its founder, and one of the brightest examples the world can show of the moral,

A model town.	intellectual, and material elevation of a whole population by the judicious application to their use of some considerable share of the wealth won by an employer's genius and his workmen's labours. It is typical, too, of the wonderful strides made all over this coalfield since the application of steam-power to locomotion and machinery. Within about the span of a single generation Leeds has increased six-fold, Bradford twenty-fold,
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Sheffield five-fold, and a score of other towns in somewhat similar proportions, until this has become one of the most populous and prosperous corners of the globe.

Regret for sylvan scenes supplanted by smoking chimneys and fouled streams is lost in contemplation of the gain such development produces in strengthening and enriching the nation, and conferring means of comfort upon large masses of its people.

At Shipley the Aire receives Bradford Beck from Bradford, which, from a town of only a few thousands, has grown within living memory into the great Worstedopolis, spreading, with its forest of chimneys, over the valley and up the slopes of the surrounding amphitheatre of hills, away to breezy Queensbury, the highest village in England, 1,650 feet above the sea. Truly and well does it illustrate the motto of its coat-of-arms, "Labor omnia vincit." There is nothing mythical about the motto, whatever there may be about the story of the tongueless boar's-head crest, which says that "long ago, when the old church was surrounded with woods, a fierce wild boar made such havoc, that the Lord of the Manor promised his daughter in marriage to whoever should slay it. A page in his service determined to win the coveted reward. First digging a pit in front of its den, he roused the monster by loud calls, until, rushing furiously out, it fell into the snare, and was easily speared. The victor cut out its tongue as a trophy of success, and hastened to claim the prize. Meanwhile, another, finding the dead animal, cut off its head, and hurried on the same errand. He arrived first, and demanded the guerdon; but the page appearing with the tongue, proved the man's roguery, and became his master's son-in-law." The forest horns on the arms are said to have originated from the feudal tenure on which John Northrop, of Manningham, held the manor of Bradford under John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, viz., that he should every year, on the eve of St. Martin's Day, blow a forest horn in the market-place, and place a huntsman and hound at the Duke's service for forty days. Though noted so early as the thirteenth century for its woollens, it was but a small town, for in the sixteenth century Leland writes:—"It is a pretty quick market-town, one half or more less than Wakefield." That it has maintained its *quick* character is evidenced by its quick growth in recent years. The number, magnitude, solidity, and architectural beauty of its warehouses and mills attest the business activity of its community and the colossal fortunes which have rewarded it. Perhaps the best example is shown in Manningham

Worsted-  
opolis and its  
Boar's Head  
Legend.

Curious  
tenure.

Bradford  
less than  
Wakefield.

Mills, which, with their 1,475 feet of frontage, 15 acres of area, and massive piles, give employment to 4,000 or 5,000 hands, and form a stupendous monument of the genius, persistency, and pluck of their founder, who not only had the quickness to perceive utility in material before regarded as waste, but the mechanical constructiveness to invent much of his own machinery for working it, and thus introduced a new and important industry into the district.

In the Civil War Bradford declared for the Parliament, and was taken by the Earl of Newcastle after a stubborn resistance. The Earl took up his quarters in Bolling Hall, and had determined to give the town up to military execution, but was deterred by a female apparition—

Pity poor  
Bradford.  
“Mournful she seemed, though young and fair,  
She clasp’d her hands as if in pray’r,  
And sighing said, ‘In pity spare  
This poor devoted town.’

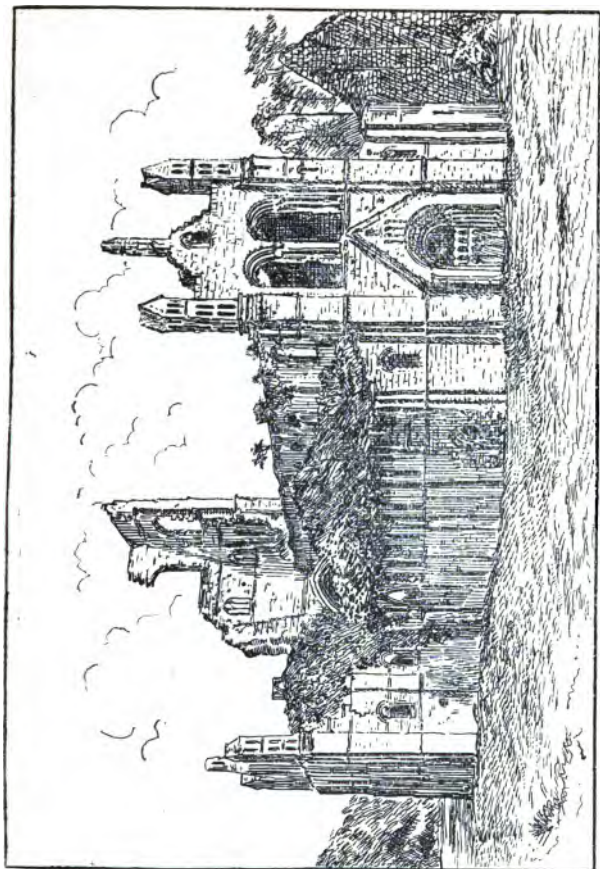
“Then changéd was Newcastle’s vow,  
The gloom had vanished from his brow;  
He spoke in mercy’s accents now,  
‘Let Bradford town be spared.’”

Below Shipley the river passes Baildon,—from Baal, the sun, and dun, a hill. The residents, in their broad vernacular, still pronounce it “Baaldun.” Opposite this probable “high-place of Baal” of the ancient Britons, Wrose Hill (from *rhoos* = a moor) rises steep and bold, crowned with one of the Bradford reservoirs. Continuing its course below this, among lower and smoother hills past the busy villages we have named, the river next brings us to Kirkstall Abbey, which yet, blackened as it is by the smoke of Kirkstall Forge hard by, its stream befouled, and its woods departed, gives ample evidence of its former grandeur and lovely position.

Kirkstall  
Abbey.  
Legend of its  
foundation.

legend gives the following account of its foundation by Seleth, the hermit. A voice, he said, bade him “Arise, go into the province called York, and there search diligently until thou findest a valley called Airedale, and a place therein called Kirkstall, where thou shalt provide a place for the future habitation of brethren to serve Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world.” So here he, with a few kindred spirits, founded a hermitage, afterwards converted by the Abbot of Barnoldswick into a monastery.





KIRKSTALL ABBEY.



A little lower down, the river runs through the great metropolis of the woollen trade, which, as we have seen, has, during the present century, increased six-fold. The *Caer Loid Coit*, or city in the forest, of the Britons, the *Loidis-in-Elmete*, or *city of the elm woods*, of the Normans, the Leeds of to-day preserves in these names a history of the changes time has made within and without. The wide-spreading forest has given place to mine-shafts and fields, and the town itself, as the seat of varied manufactures and the capital of the West Riding, has become conspicuous enough not to need further description as being *in*, or *near*, anywhere. Leland, writing in the sixteenth century, says it was "a pretty market, having a parish church reasonably well buidied, as large as Bradford, but not so quick." One of its charters gives us a curious glimpse of the days when juries were unknown and "barons ruled the roost." "If any burgess be impleaded of larceny from another, we will judge him in our borough by the help of the lord's servant (mayor), he making one compurgation on the first offence with thirty-six compurgators. If he shall be impleaded a second time, he shall either purge himself by combat or by water." Then it goes on to grant freedom from toll in the markets, adding, "But the burgesses aforesaid shall continue to bake in any oven as they have been accustomed."

Leeds.

Leeds and  
Bradford  
compared  
by Leland.  
Old Charter.

Thoresby says—"When Charles I. was being conveyed a prisoner to London by his gaoler, Cornet Joyce, he was lodged in the Bed House here. A maidservant of the house entreated him to put on her clothes and make his escape, assuring him that she would conduct him in the dark out of the garden door, into a back alley called Land's Lane, and thence to a friend's house, from which he might make his escape to France. The King, however, declined the woman's offer with many thanks, and gave her a token, saying that if it were never in his own power, on sight of that token his son would reward her. After the Restoration the woman presented the token to the King, and told him the story. The King enquired whence she came; she said, 'From Leeds in Yorkshire;' whether she had a husband; she replied 'Yes;' what was his calling; she said, 'An under-bailiff.' 'Then,' said the King, 'he shall be the chief bailiff in Yorkshire.'"

Charles I.  
at Leeds.

Defoe, writing about 1727, gives a very interesting description of the way in which Leeds cloths were circulated before railways were made, and when even the highways were too wretched for wheeled traffic. "Their goods being,

Leeds trade  
160 years ago.

as I may say, everywhere made use of for clothing the ordinary people, there are for this purpose a set of travelling merchants in Leeds, who go all over England with droves of pack-horses, and to all the fairs and markets over the whole island, I think I may say none excepted. Here they supply, not the common people by retail, which would denominate them pedlars indeed, but they supply the shops by wholesale and whole pieces; and not only so, but they give large credit, to show that they are really travelling merchants, and as such they sell a great quantity of goods."

From Leeds to Castleford, the Aire flows across the coal measures, pit headings everywhere marking the output. Here it is joined by the Calder, but neither of the streams is now so pure as of yore, when there might be reason as well as rhyme in the saying,—

A rhyme  
that has lost  
its reason. "Castleford women must needs be fair,  
Since they wash in Calder and rince in Aire."

Near Castleford is Pontefract.

Pontefract. " . . . . As long since is  
Fattall to our English princes;  
For the choicest liquorice crowned,  
And for sundry acts renowned."

According to Camden it was called Kirkby in Saxon times, but was re-christened in memory of a miracle. William, Archbishop of York,

A miracle. nephew of Stephen, was crossing a bridge there, attended by a great multitude, when the structure gave way, throwing many into the river, but by reason of the tears and prayers of the Bishop not one of them perished, so they called it Pontefract, or the *broken bridge*. More probably the Roman bridge, being somehow partially destroyed, remained so long unrepaired that the name stuck to it. In its castle Richard II. was murdered.

Death of  
Richard II.  
and Rivers. " Turns in the lock the key, appears an armed band;  
Then did that lone one see his hour was nigh at hand.  
His was no soul to quail beneath the deadly stroke;  
But erect, as in the gale appears the hardy oak,  
He makes a gallant stand; they assail him, but in vain;  
Four of that ruffian band will never rise again.  
But ah! that fatal blow, dealt by a coward's arm,  
Hath laid the monarch low, in his streaming life-blood warm."

And later, Rivers, brought here, with others, for execution, thus addresses it:—

"O Pomfret, Pomfret, O thou bloody prison,  
 Fatal and ominous to noble peers:  
 Within the guilty closure of thy walls  
 Richard the Second here was hacked to death.  
 And for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
 We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink."

From Castleford to Knottingley the river passes through the belt of magnesian limestone, extensively quarried around for building-stone and lime; and then cuts its way through the deep alluvial soil overlying the red sandstone, past Ferrybridge and Snaith, into the Ouse at Airmin, near Goole.

Limestone  
 Quarries.

### CALDER.

CALDER means *white*, now a sad misnomer, for passing through the heart of the Yorkshire coalfield, the stream is fouled almost from its source by the sewage of many a busy town. Rising in Boulsworth Hill, a little beyond the limits of the county, its course down to Halifax is among sombre rocks and wide brown moors of millstone grit, and thence over the lower undulating coal measures to its confluence with the Aire. Dark lowering crags, instead of glistening white scarps; rank and coarse deep-hued herbage, instead of short bright green grass, and the sturdy oak instead of the graceful ash; give its scenes a sterner, gloomier character than those we have before traced. Entering Yorkshire at Todmorden, it flows through a wide pastoral valley, backed by high hills, to Hebden Bridge, where it receives the Hebden from moors between Heptonstall and Haworth. Passing Mytholmroyd and Luddenden Foot, it is joined at Sowerby Bridge by the Ribourne from Ripponden, and lower by the Hebble from Halifax.

Source of  
 Calder.  
 Different  
 scenes.

The whole district from Halifax to the borders of Lancashire, now a wild and barren heathery waste, save for the strip of pastures along the river, was formerly Hardwick Forest, the feeding grounds of flocks of sheep and herds of half wild cattle. In 1440, only a place of thirteen houses, 300 years after it had grown into a town of 8,000 souls, and now numbers over 60,000. Its name is derived from *Halig-fax* = *holy-hair*, possibly because its church was reputed to contain a precious relic in a tress of the hair of John the Baptist, to whom it was dedicated. From very early

Halifax, from  
 "halig"  
 and "fax."  
 Maiden  
 of Halifax.  
 Thieves'  
 Litany.  
 Robinson  
 Crusoe.

times, Halifax was permitted to exercise great severity over thieves, for the protection of the trade of the town. It was a common practice to leave cloth out all night upon the tenters—a great temptation to the idle and dishonest, who could only be deterred from pilfering by the dread of heavy punishment. Whoever was convicted of cloth stealing to the value of 13½d. was beheaded by a sort of guillotine, called the Maiden of Halifax. It was the extreme severity of this law which gave rise to what is known as the thieves' litany,—

“From Hell, Hull, and Halifax,  
Good Lord deliver us.”

Here, in all probability, Defoe wrote his inimitable *Robinson Crusoe*.

From Halifax, the Calder runs through a wide, well-wooded valley to Cooper's Bridge, where it is joined by its largest tributary, the Colne, which, rising in Holme Moss, passes Almondbury and Huddersfield.

Hudders-  
field,  
Kirklees  
Nunnery,  
Robin  
Hood's  
Grave.

The latter place is named, probably, from Uther, the father of the famous British King Arthur. After the Conquest, it formed, like Leeds and Bradford, part of the extensive estates of the De Lacys. Though engaged in the woollen trade as early as the twelfth century, it had no charter for a market until 1672. It is one of the best built towns in the kingdom, and somewhat larger than Halifax. Near Cooper's Bridge is the site of the ancient nunnery of Kirklees, and near it, in a park, the grave and tombstone of “bold Robin Hood.” A legendary ballad says that, feeling sick, he sought an asylum with his kinswoman, the Abbess, who bled him for his complaint, and treacherously locked him up in the room to bleed to death. Escaping from the window, he summoned Little John by three feeble blasts of his horn, and feeling death near, shot an arrow at random, saying,—

“Where this arrow is taken up,  
There shall my grave digg'd be.  
Lay a green sod under my head,  
And another at my feet;  
And lay my bent bow by my side,  
Which was my music sweet;  
And make my grave of gravel and green,  
Which is most right and meet.”

Below Cooper's Bridge the river continues through a pleasant, undulating district, past Mirfield and Dewsbury to Wakefield, receiving on the way streams that connect it with the two populous valleys in

which stand Cleckheaton, Liversedge, and Heckmondwike, and Birstal and Batley, the last-named being the centre of the shoddy trade. "Hither," says White, "are brought Shoddy and tatters from pediculous Poland, from the Gipsies and mungo. of Hungary, from the beggars and scarecrows of Germany, from the frowsy peasants of Muscovy; to say nothing of snips and shreds from monks' gowns and lawyers' robes, from postillions' jackets and soldiers' uniforms, from maidens' bodices and noblemen's cloaks." A heterogenous collection truly, to be shredded by "devils" into mungo fibre, re-spun and re-woven, and thus resurrectioned into new material for the backs of people who little dream of the various vicissitudes through which their garments have previously gone.

Wakefield, with the teeming towns of the coalfield westward, and a rich agricultural district eastward, is very favourably situated for its cattle and produce markets, which are correspondingly important. Old writers call it "Merry Wakefield," perhaps because of its "miracle plays," and the merry-makings for which they gave occasion. It was at Merry Wakefield—Battle of. Hard times. Wakefield, after the victory which gave the Lancastrians a temporary ascendancy, that Clifford gained the name of "butcher." How the district suffered in the Civil War, when Wakefield was stormed by Fairfax, is very strikingly shown in one of his letters. "Here, about Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, being a mountainous, barren country, the people begin to be sensible of want, their last year's provisions being spent, and the enemy's garrisons stopping all provisions, both of corn and flesh and other necessities that were wont to come from the more fruitful counties to them; their trade utterly taken away, their poor grown innumerable, and great scarcity to relieve them."

Between Wakefield and its union with the Aire, the Calder passes Altofts, the birthplace of Frobisher, one of the gallant admirals who so signally defeated and destroyed the Birthplace of Frobisher. Spanish Armada.

## D O N .

FROM the high spongy moors about Holme Moss, the rainfall soaks by many a tiny rill into the streams that form the Don, which means "*the water*." From its source to Penistone it flows through a wild and dreary millstone grit district, and from thence to below Mex-

Source.  
Remnants of  
Sherwood  
Forest.

borough, through the coal measures, past many an oak wood spared from the great Sherwood Forest, which once covered the York and Nottingham coalfield, and formed the scene of many of the exploits of Robin Hood and his band; and which still give its valley a charming woodland character, impressing the beholder with the truth of Keats' famous line—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Chief among these are the woods of Wantley, of which Phillips says: "Whoever loves an oak forest, skirting broad and mighty hills, over a deep glen and rapid river, should linger an hour at Wharnccliffe Lodge, built by the good knight of Wortley, to hear 'the harty's bell,' and be soothed by the waters of the Don." 'These woods and rocks were the haunts of the fabled "Dragon of Wantley," slain by "More of More Hall."

Dragon of  
Wantley.

"Old stories tell how Hercules  
A dragon slew at Lerna,  
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,  
To see and well discern-a:  
But he had a club this dragon to drub,  
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye.  
But More of More Hall, with nothing at all,  
He slew the Dragon of Wantley."

Receiving at Owlerton the Lockley, from beyond Bradfield, some years ago the scene of a disastrous flood, which caused great destruction of life and property, the Don continues to Sheffield, where converge

"Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,"

from wooded vales that yet retain much of their pristine beauty. One of these, the Sheaf, from which the town is named, flows through enchanting scenery, especially about Beauchief and Dore Abbey, where it forms the most delightful suburbs of the town of "Whittles." Sheffield formed part of the earldom of Northumberland, given by the Conqueror to the powerful Saxon Earl, Waltheof, son of the Siward mentioned in the play of Macbeth, and husband of Judith, the Conqueror's niece. Taking part in the "Bridal of Norwich," he was betrayed by his wife, and executed. Somewhat late in Norman times it consisted of but a few straggling cottages and smithies, and a powerful castle, not a vestige of which now remains, except the name Castle Hill, though, in the time of Elizabeth, it was considered strong enough to be for

Town of  
"Whittles."  
Waltheof.  
Chantrey.



many years the prison of her dangerous rival, Mary Queen of Scots. It was near Sheffield that the genius of Chantrey, the sculptor, was discovered. Riding home on a donkey, busily engaged in cutting a figure on a stick, he was overtaken by a gentleman, who enquired what he was carving. "Old Fox, the schoolmaster," he replied. And it proved such a capital likeness that the gentleman took care his abilities were fostered, with the result that Chantrey became one of the finest sculptors England has produced. Leaving Sheffield, which has grown from its small beginning into one of the largest towns of Yorkshire and the greatest cutlery factory in the world, the river flows through a wide valley, past Rotherham, at the junction with the Rother, to Mexborough, where it is joined by the Dearne from above Barnsley, all towns with extensive coal and iron trades. Still further down at Conisborough (King's Castle), it passes through magnesian limestone cliffs, in a district thus described by the great word painter, Scott, in his *Ivanhoe* :—

"There are few more beautiful and striking scenes in England than are presented by the vicinity of this ancient Saxon fortress. The soft and gentle river Don sweeps through an amphitheatre in which cultivation is richly blended with woodland, and on a mount ascending from the river, well defended by walls and ditches, rises the ancient edifice, which, as its Saxon name indicates, was, previous to the Conquest, a royal residence of the Kings of England."

A Saxon  
King's  
Castle.

In this castle the great romancist places the scene of Athelstane's reappearance to feast at his own funeral banquet, and near it is a mound said to be the tomb of the Saxon Hengist.

Still across the magnesian limestone the river continues its course to Doncaster, the Roman "Camp on the Don," one of the prettiest residential towns in the north of England. All along its course from Sheffield to Doncaster, on its northern side, are evidences that it was, in British and Roman times, an important line of defence. The course of the line is clearly indicated by the "burghs," or fortresses, preserved in such names as Thryborough, Mexborough, and Conisborough. At Templeborough, above Rotherham, the banks and ditches of a camp are still clearly traceable, and from Wincobank Hill, near it, a high bank still runs uninterruptedly for four miles. Below Doncaster, the Don crosses the thick sedimentary deposit overlying the red sandstone, through Hatfield Chase and Thorne Waste. From Thorne it is diverted into an artificial channel, called

Doncaster  
Camps and  
Castles.

Thorne  
Waste.

Dutch River, Reclaimed land. Dutch River, because it was constructed by a Dutch engineer, and what were extensive marshes around have been converted into farms by artificial drainage, while around Goole the process of reclamation is still going on. In cutting the drains innumerable roots of oak trees were met with, showing that the district had once been forest, and with the roots, skeletons of deer that formerly roamed there.

## DERWENT.

**T**HE Derwent (*fair water*), the only important tributary of the Ouse from the eastern range, rises at an elevation of 600 feet, on the moors near Robin Hood's Bay. For some distance it runs south, almost parallel with the sea, passing through Forge Valley, a favourite picnic resort for Scarborough visitors, then, turning westward, it flows through the wide valley of Kimmeridge Clay, known as the Vale of Pickering, with the oolitic Clevelandls on the north and the chalk Wolds on the south. At the bend, it receives the Hertford, which, though it rises almost close to the cliffs of Filey, makes a circuit of 100 miles before reaching the sea. Pickering, which gives its name to the valley, stands on one of the northern slopes. It is said to have been founded 270 years B.C., and to have got its name from "pike" and "ring," from a legend that a lost ring was afterwards recovered from the stomach of a pike caught in Costa Beck, near the town. This beck rises in a pond about 50 yards in diameter, on the western outskirts of the town. Even in the driest season it is all rippled over with circlets caused by the upspringing waters, which flow from their source an unfailing, somewhat deep, and perfectly pellucid stream, a model Isaak Walton's paradise for trout. Many similar streams are found all round the face of the North Yorkshire moors, issuing from deep, narrow, beautifully wooded glens. Pickering has the ruins of an ancient castle, once belonging to the Saxon earl, Morcar, who played a conspicuous part in the battle of Stamford Bridge. If we may believe the following, Richard II. was for a while a prisoner there:—

**Morcar's Castle.** "The Kyng then sent Kyng Richard to Ledes,  
There to be kept surely in privitee.  
**Richard II.'s prisons.** Fro thens after to Pykeryng went he nedes,  
And to Knaresburgh after led was he;  
But to Pountefrete last, where he did dee."

Above Malton, the Derwent is joined by the Rye, from the wide, rich, well-wooded valley of Ryedale, shut in by the tree-clad slopes of the Hambleton Hills, the Cleveland Hills, and the North York Moors, with Bolton Head (1489 feet), the highest summit of the eastern range, right up in the north-west corner. The chief town is Helmsley, sometimes called Helmsley Blackamoor. It has the ruins of an ancient castle, once the residence of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the friend and companion of Charles I., who was murdered by Felton, at Portsmouth. His son proved a sad spendthrift, squandered his estates, and died at Kirkby-Moorside, near Helmsley. Pope thus describes his death:—

Ryedale,  
Bolton  
Head,  
Helmsley  
Blackamoor.

Villiers.  
A spend-  
thrift's end.

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,  
The floors of plaster and the walls of dung,  
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,  
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,  
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies.  
There, victim of his health, his fame, his friends,  
And fortune, this lord of useless thousands ends."

North of Helmsley are the beautiful ivy-clad ruins of Rievaulx Abbey, founded, legend says, like Bolton Abbey, in memory of the untimely end of an only son, a scion of the family of L'Espée. At Kirkdale, five miles from Helmsley, is a famous cave, entered by an opening 30 feet above the bottom of the valley, which tells us strange tales of the fauna of England in far away times, for in it have been found bones of the hyena, elephant, rhinoceros, ox and stag. Below Malton the Derwent cuts through a narrow opening between chalk cliffs. Before the water wore away this opening, the barrier of chalk stretched right across, and the valley above was a lake, probably about level with Kirkdale Cave, which might then be the den of hyenas, whither they dragged and devoured their prey. The antiquity of the church at Kirkdale is attested by an inscription built into the walls of its porch:—

Rievaulx  
Abbey and  
Kirkdale  
Cave.

Ancient  
Lake, old  
inscription,  
British  
remains.

"Orm, Gamal's son, bought St. Gregory's Church when it was all broken and fallen, and made it new from the ground, to Christ and Saint Gregory, in the days of Edward the King, and in the days of Tosti the earl."

No other part of Yorkshire is so full of interesting relics of the Britons as the hills bordering the Vale of Pickering; tumuli, traces of hut villages, camps, and temple sites, all reveal phases of the life of those distant days; while about Malton many evidences exist of the importance of the town during the Roman occupation.

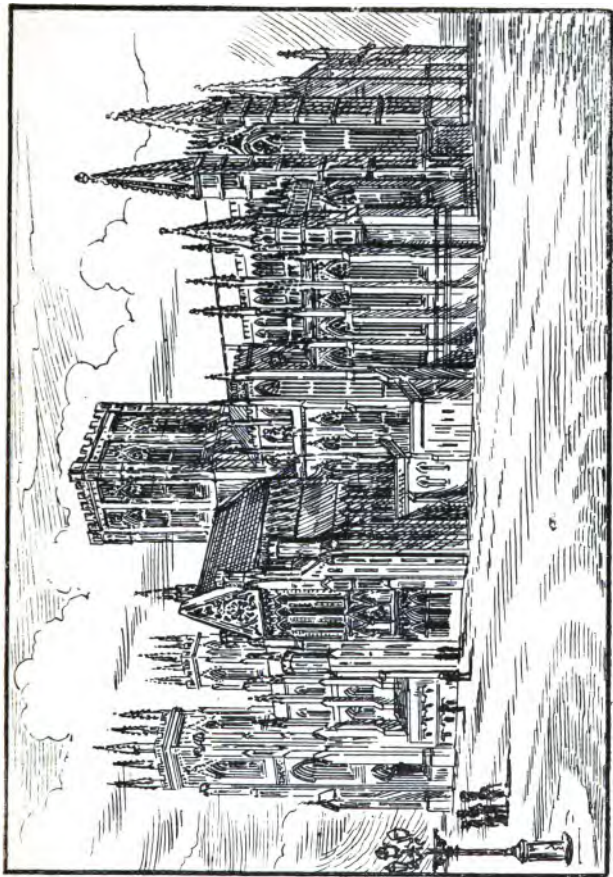
From the narrow chalk pass, the Derwent crosses the Vale of York in a south-westerly course, past Stamford Bridge, Kexby, Elvington, and Wressle Castle, and enters the Ouse, above the junction of the Aire, at Barmby-on-the-Marsh. Stamford Bridge was the scene of the defeat of the Danes by Harold, just before the Conquest, and doubtless, somewhere near, Herdruda tenants the "seven feet or more" of earth accorded him by the victor:—

"For fierce Harfager now lies dead  
Amongst the common slain;  
And low is bloody Tosti's head  
Upon the crimson plain.  
By aid of gallant Morcar's glaive,  
The raven flag is ours,  
No more on England's shores to wave,  
Leading the Danish pow'rs."

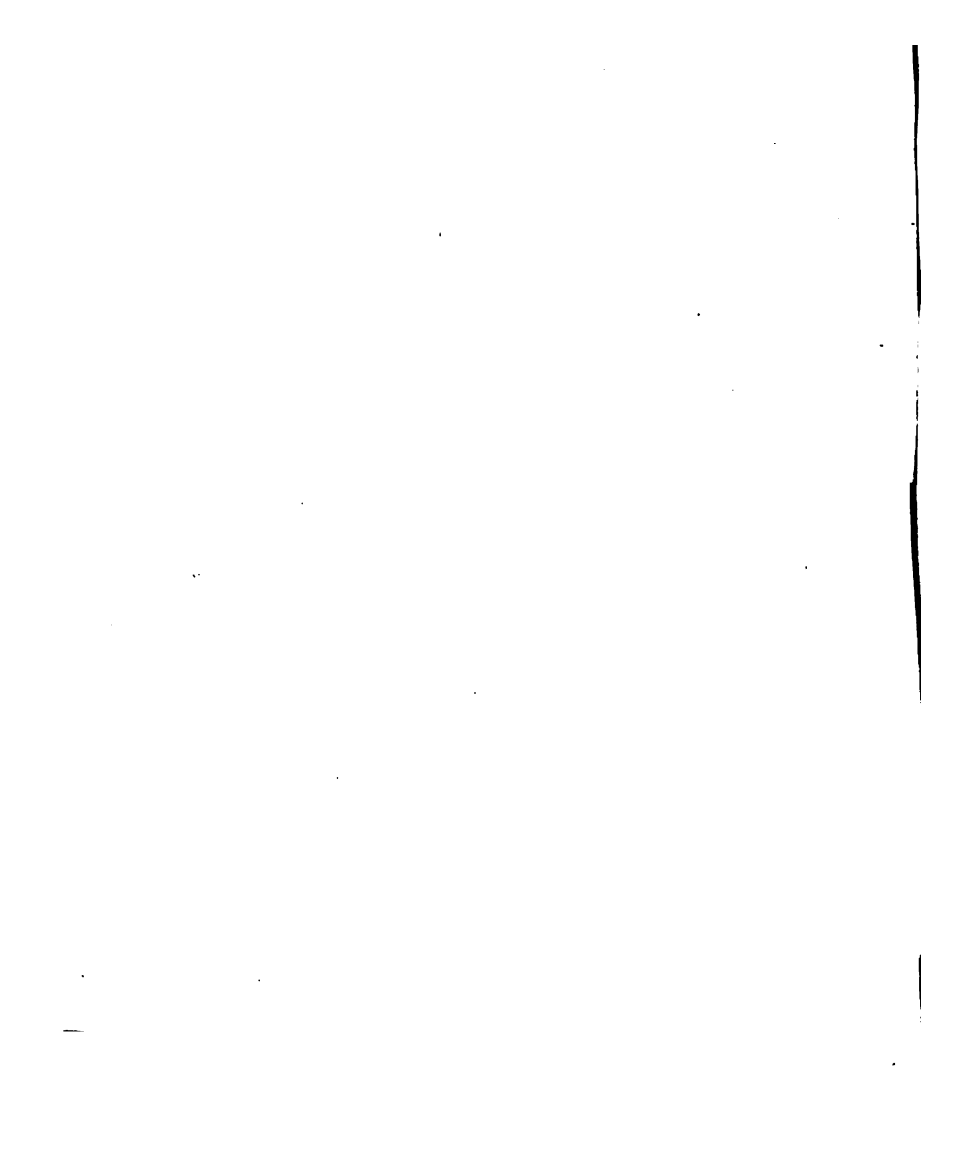
## THE OUSE.

WE have already seen that the Ouse (*the water*) is formed by the union of the Swale and Ure at Aldborough. A dozen miles or so further down it is joined by the Foss, from the Hambleton Hills, across Strensall Common; and at the confluence stands York, the "Caer Ebroc" of the Britons, changed through "Eborac" and "Euric" to York. Situated near the middle of the great plain, surrounded by open, level country, that secured it from sudden surprise, and possessing a tidal waterway to the sea (navigable to the light barges of ancient days), from very early times it has been of great importance. Whether or not there be any truth in the legend that it was founded by the great grandson of Eneas, contemporary with David, the Romans found it a great Brigantean stronghold, and made it the Rome of Britain, and numerous remains, found at various times in digging below the surface, attest its bygone splendour. Alcuin, in the seventh century, wrote of it:—

York—  
Derivation  
of name and  
why important,  
Alcuin's  
description.  
Minster.



YORK MINSTER.



"This city first by Roman hand was formed,  
 With lofty towers and high-built walls adorned,  
 To give their leaders a secure repose,  
 Honour to the empire, terror to their foes."

After the Conquest it maintained its position, and from the first English Parliament, (which was held within its walls,) down to the battle of Marston Moor, visible from it westward, York was closely associated with all the stirring events of English history, Henry VI., his successful rival, Edward, and Charles I., in turn holding court there. Its Minster is considered one of the finest buildings of its style in the world, and from its towers affords a magnificent view over the vale to the hills on either hand.

Below York the Ouse flows past Fulford and Bishopthorpe to Riccall, the landing-place of Hardrada and Tosti; and thence to Cawood, where Wolsey had a palace of such splendour that it has been called the "Windsor of the North," from which he was dragged a prisoner, after he had learnt from bitter experience—

Hardrada's  
 landing-  
 place and  
 the Windsor  
 of the North.

"How wretched

Is that man that hangs on princes' favours."

Then past Selby, with its fine old abbey-church, and conspicuous Hemingborough Spire, and Howden, world-famed for its horse fairs, away to the east, and the rising port of Goole on the west, it goes to Blacktoft, where it unites with the Trent to form the Humber, or, as the Britons poetically expressed it, "Comar," "the gathering of the waters," styled by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*—

Selby, Goole.  
 Comar, king  
 of northern  
 rivers.

"King of all the floods that north of Trent do flow."

Both titles are well deserved, for here all the waters of all the streams we have traced, and those of as many more from the Midlands, meet, forming a wide estuary over two miles broad at the junction, and spreading to thrice that width towards the sea, deep enough, at high tide, to admit vessels of large burthen up to Goole.

The tide, which has an average rise of 27 feet at Hull, 11 feet at Goole, and 6 feet at Naburn Lock, just below York, forms at the flood, in the contracted channel above the junction, especially in the spring tides, a considerable "bore," dangerous to small craft, locally called "Aiger," or "Eager." Carlisle, in his *Heroes and Hero Worship*, draws attention to this word as a relic of the old Norse religion. He says—

Height of  
 tide.  
 Origin of  
 name Eager.

"Sea-Tempest is the Jötun 'Æger,' a very dangerous Jötun;—and now to this day, on our river Trent, as I learn, the Nottingham bargemen, when the river is in a certain flooded state (a kind of backwater, or eddying swirl it has, very dangerous to them), call it 'Æger;' they cry out, "Have a care, there is the 'Æger' coming!" Curious, that word surviving, like the peak of a submerged world! The *oldest* Nottingham bargemen had believed in the god 'Ægir.'"

All along the Humber, except where the wolds abut on it, between Brough and Hessle, the neighbouring land is so low as to need embankments to keep it from flooding at high-water.

The river holds in suspension so much fine mud, brought down by the streams and up by the flood tides from the wasting cliffs of Holderness, that its waters are a brownish yellow. By means of banks and ditches the adjoining fields are flooded repeatedly at intervals, and covered with several inches of this fine sediment, forming rich warp-soils. In some places this deposit is 50 feet deep. Extensive sand-banks, or rather mud-banks, make the navigation somewhat intricate to Goole. Some of these, notably Sunk Island, have been enclosed and formed into fertile farms.

On the low, flat land above this island, at the confluence of the river Hull, is the port of Hull, the third in the kingdom, called Kingstown-upon-Hull, because it was bought as a royal port by Edward I., in the thirteenth century. Taylor wrote of it 100 years later:—

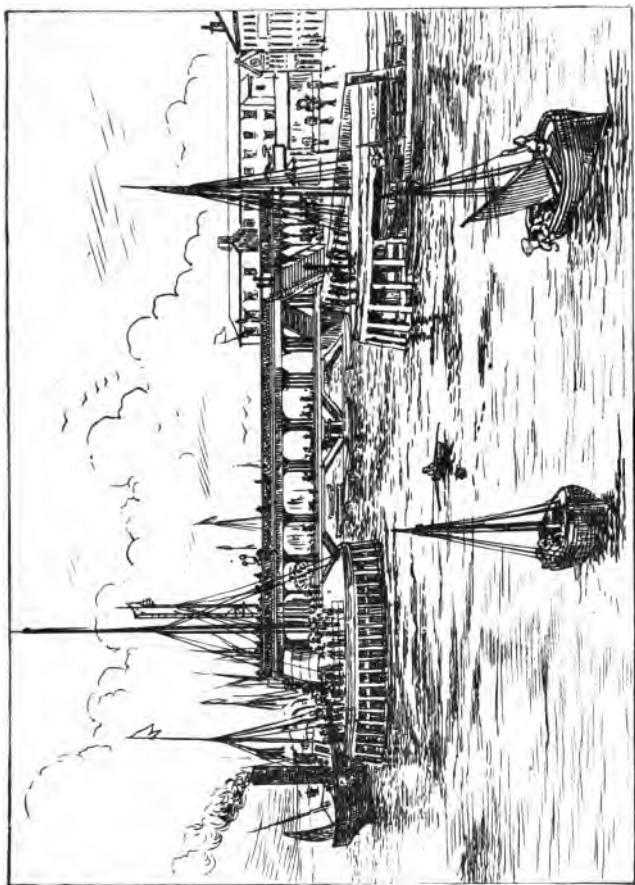
Hull—Why  
Kingston,  
strength in  
fourteenth  
century.  
Noble  
citizens'  
statues.

"It is the only bulwark of the north;  
All other towns for strength to it must strike,  
And all the northern parts have not the like.  
Its people from the sea much wealth have won.  
Each man doth live as he were Neptune's son."

From it sprang the De la Poles, Earls of Surrey, one of whom married the sister of Richard III., and near it was born Andrew Marvell, the incorruptible patriot, for twenty years its member of Parliament, whose character the following lines so truly describe:—

"Climb at court for me that will,  
Tottering favour's pinnacle;  
All I seek is to lie still;  
Settled in some secret nest,  
In calm leisure let me rest,  
And far off the public stage,  
Pass away my silent age.





HULL



Thus, when without noise, unknown,  
 I have lived out all my span,  
 I shall die without a groan,  
 An old, honest countryman."

A tall columnar monument preserves the fame of another of its historic members, Wilberforce, to whose labours the abolition of slavery in the British colonies was mainly due; and an equestrian statue in the market-place commemorates the bloodless revolution which placed William III. on the throne. Its strong fortifications, which successfully resisted a long siege by the Royalists, have completely disappeared, extensive docks now covering the site.

The river Hull is but a small stream, rising near Driffeld (*Deira-feld*), the ancient Saxon stronghold in Holderness, near which is Danesdale, where mounds still mark the graves of Saxon and Dane that fell here when Ida the Flame-bearer conquered Northumberland. On its way down to Hull it passes the small market-town of Beverley, the ancient capital of the East Riding (*tri-thing*) possessing in its Minster the finest church building, next that of York, in the county. It was either founded or enlarged by St. John of Beverley, of whom his pupil, the Venerable Bede, wrote a life, "so spiced," says Fuller, "with miracles that it is of the hottest for a discreet man to digest into his belief." Athelstan gave it right of sanctuary, and his Frid-stool is still shown.

River Hull.  
 Driffeld and  
 Beverley.

Holderness, or Hollow-Deira-ness, is, as the name implies, a hollow in the chalk between the wolds and the sea, deeply overlaid with waterwashed sediment, intersected by low ridges of gravel, never more than 150 feet above the sea. Until 1835, when it was drained by artificial ditches and pumps, all the lower parts formed extensive marshes, navigable for boats, and used as a swannery. In cutting the drains a forest bed was found beneath the peat, with trees of oak, ash, fir, alder, and yew leaning and lying in all directions, to a depth of 20 feet, and among them bones of the stag, elk, and deer.

Hollow-  
 Deira-ness:  
 Marshes and  
 Swannery.  
 Buried  
 Forests.

The south-east corner of Holderness stretches out into the long, low, spoon-shaped projection of Spurn Head, formed by the piling up of sand between the cross-currents from the wasting Bay of Bridlington and the Humber. Right round the bay from this point, nearly to Flamborough Head, we have about 36 miles of low clay cliffs, often containing glacier or iceberg-borne boulders. Yielding before the

Spurn  
 Head—  
 how formed.  
 wasting  
 cliffs.

unceasing attacks of the ocean waves, these cliffs wear away at the rate of 2½ yards a year, and several villages marked on old maps have, like the ancient port of Ravenspur, which formerly stood just within the spoon of Spurn Head, been engulfed by the insatiable sea. It is said that at Hornsea, now close to the sea, in the bend of the bay, a stone in the old steeple bore the inscription:—

Ravenspur  
and other  
lost places.  
Head, been  
Hornsea  
and Hornsea  
Mere.

“Hornsea steeple, when I built thee,  
Thou wast ten miles off Burlington,  
Ten miles off Beverley, and ten miles off sea.”

If this be true, Hornsea Mere, fast filling up with sediment and peaty matter, must eventually be drained by the breaking through of the narrow barrier that interposes between it and the ocean.

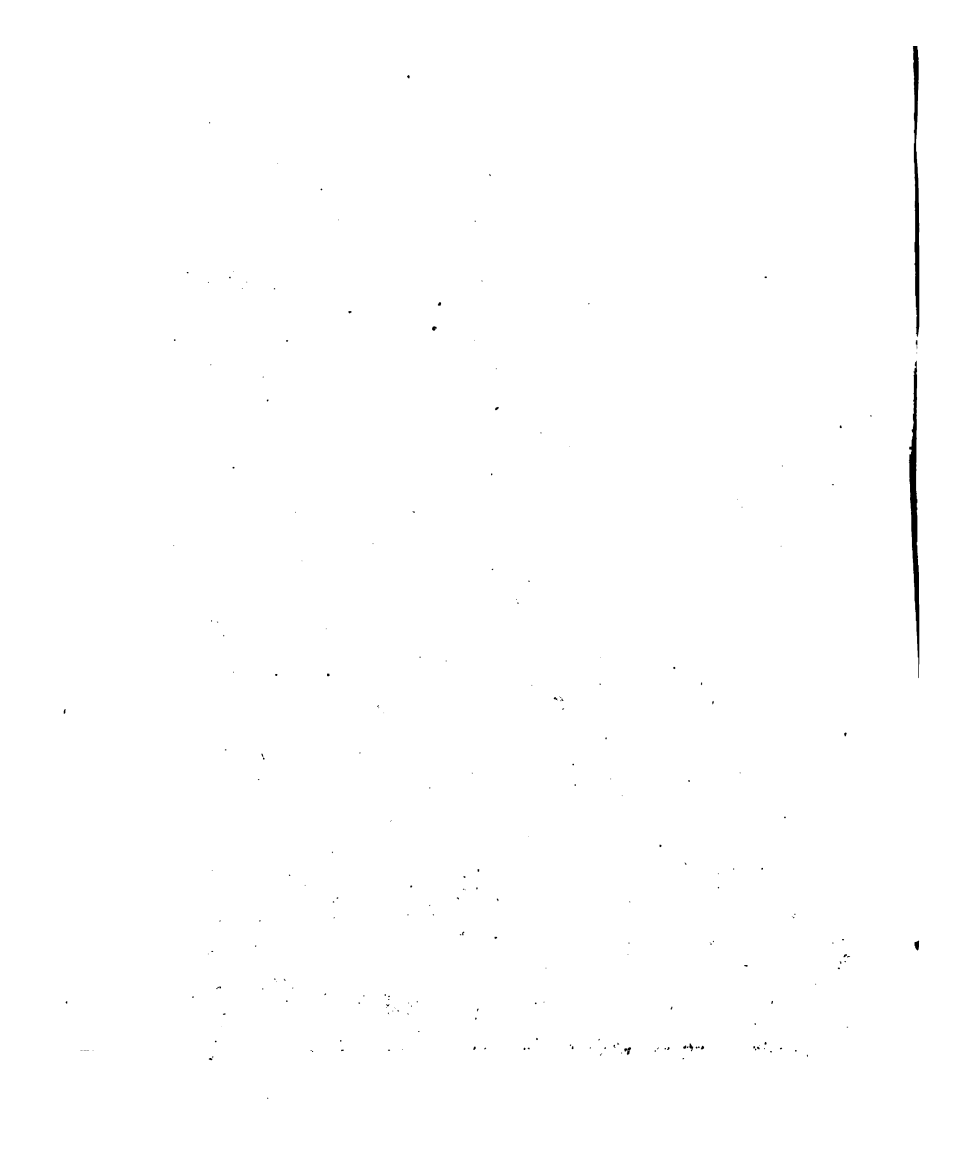
At Flamborough Head the breakers meet a more stubborn foe in the high chalk cliffs forming the seaward face of the northern extremity of the wolds. Retreating more slowly than the softer rocks on either hand, they stand out as a bold promontory, among whose almost inaccessible clefts and ledges innumerable sea-birds rear their broods, from which, probably, the neighbouring watering-place at the mouth of Gypsey Chase got its name of Bridlington, or *Birdling-town*. Across the headland runs the embankment called Danes' Dyke, by which Ida secured a strongly entrenched position on the promontory, when he landed to conquer Northumberland.

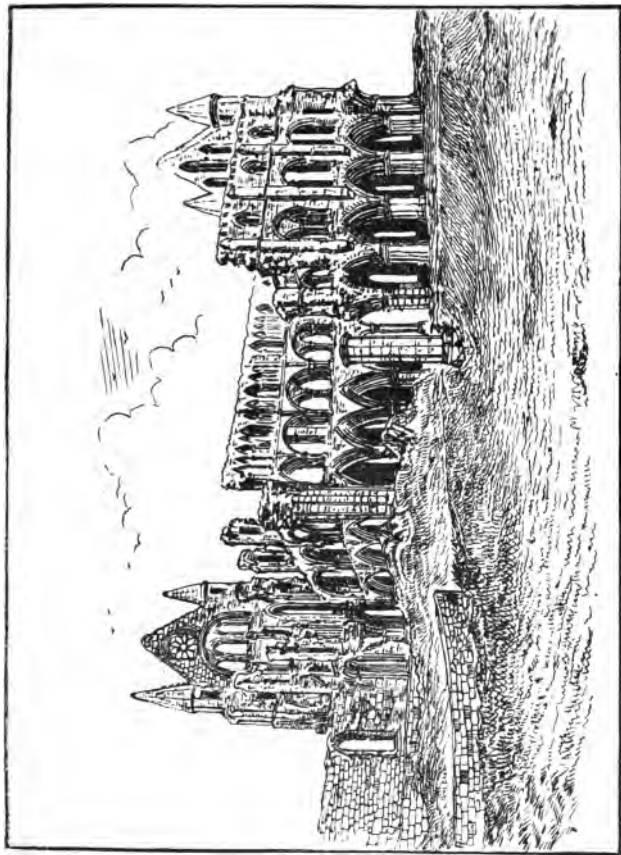
At Speeton and Filey the inroads of the sea on the fossiliferous clay cliffs have cut out Filey Bay, across the northern part of which jut out the natural sandstone breakwater of Filey Brigg. From Filey, bold stern cliffs, varying from 200 feet to 300 feet, run past Scarborough (the Queen of watering-places), Robin Hood's Bay and Whitby. Rising to 660 feet near Staithes, where they form the highest sea cliffs on the English coast, they slope to 360 at Skinningrove, and then descend suddenly to Saltburn, from whence to the Tees the beach is composed of drifted clay and pebbles, bordered by a wide firm stretch of sand. At Scarborough the cliffs curve inward, forming a crescent-shaped bay, with the Castle Hill, 300 feet high, forming the northern horn and Oliver's Mount on the southern. From the sea, the houses rising tier above tier give a very pretty effect. A Norwegian Saga thus describes the capture of the place by Hardrada:—

More clay  
cliffs,  
Natural  
Breakwater,  
Queen of  
Watering-  
places,  
Highest  
cliffs in  
England,  
Sandy  
beach,  
Castle Hill  
and Oliver's  
Mount,  
Norse raid,  
Scarborough  
Warning.



YORKSHIRE COAST SCENE





WHITBY ABBEY.





"Sithence he lay to at Scarborough and fought with the burghermen; he ascended the hill which is there, and caused a great pyre to be made there. When the fire spread they took great forks, and threw the brands on the town; and when one house took fire from another they gave up all the town. The Northmen slew many people, and siezed all that they found." The castle, strong as its position is, changed hands more than once during the Civil War. Its capture by a band disguised as peasants, in Wyatt's rebellion, is said to have originated the Scarborough warning—"A word and a blow, and the blow first."

Whitby, or white town, the Saxon Streoneshalh, or *tower on the strand*, occupies the slopes on either side of the mouth of the small Cleveland river Esk, up the valley of which are many pretty wooded glens, with wild and dreary moorlands above. In the cliffs on which the ruined abbey stands fossil ammonites are found, which, from their resemblance to coiled, stony, headless snakes, no doubt gave rise to the legend of the miracle ascribed to St. Hilda, its first abbess, which told—

White town.  
St. Hilda's  
snakes.

" . . . How, of thousand snakes, each one  
Was turned into a coil of stone  
When holy Hilda prayed."

Inland from Whitby is Mulgrave Woods and Castle, said to have been founded by one of the participators in the murder of Prince Arthur, who received the domains as a reward. It is said that in these woods a fairy, named Jeanie, had her abode, and that once a young farmer, spurred by curiosity, rode to her bower and called on her by name. Incensed at his intrusion, she rushed furiously at him. He fled with all the speed that fear could urge, hotly pursued, and only just managed to escape, his horse being cut in two by a blow of her wand as it sprang over a brook which she could not pass. Tam o' Shanter's luckier steed escaped with the loss of its tail only.

A Yorkshire  
Tam o'  
Shanter.

Runswick, eight miles above Whitby, is picturesquely built on a deep, narrow bay, the houses being perched one above another in the oddest fashion, accessible only by footpaths. Up the valley is a cave called *Hobhole*, where mothers of a more superstitious age used thus to invoke *Hob's* aid to cure their children's whooping-cough:—

Runswick.

Hobhole.

Cure for  
Whooping  
Cough.

"Hobhole Hob,  
My bairn's gotten t'kin-cough,  
Tak't off—tak't off."

In the neighbourhood are alum works, where an oily kind of lias shale is roasted in large heaps, steeped in water, the water run off and evaporated, leaving crystals of alum. In this lias is also found jet, of vegetable origin, like coal, for which Whitby is so famous. Beyond Runswick we pass Staithes, where Captain Cook, the great circumnavigator of the globe, was for a while a grocer's apprentice. Then continuing past Saltburn, we reach Redcar, where parallel ridges of hard lias shale run far out to sea, with an easily accessible channel between them, marking the place as peculiarly fitted for the site of the long-talked-of Harbour of Refuge.

### TEES.

**T**HE Tees (*ees = water*) rises north of Mickel Fell, among the wild moors and limestone cliffs of Cross Fell, in Cumberland, at an elevation of 2,000 feet. Receiving several streams through Maize Beck, from Mickel Fell, it forms a lake-like expansion, called the Weel (or *Whirl*), and then, by a succession of rapid plunges from ledge to ledge, is precipitated 200 feet down a rugged greenstone or whinstone cliff, in the cataract of Caldron Snout. All the rivers we have hitherto traced have passed through sedimentary rocks, but the greenstone of Caldron Snout, and visible along Maize Beck (which forms for some distance the boundary between Westmoreland and Yorkshire), as well as for some distance down the Tees, is volcanic. It is a variety of the basaltic or iron-coloured rocks, and has been thrust up and forced in between the limestone beds, for its heat has changed the limestone immediately above into crystalline, or sugar marble. Entering Yorkshire, still at an elevation of 1,500 feet, the Tees forms, through the rest of its course, the boundary between Yorkshire and Durham. By the time it reaches Middleton, a few miles lower down, it has fallen 800 feet, plunging down 70 feet over another greenstone ledge at High Force, and taking a shorter leap at Low Force. Below Middleton it is joined by the Yorkshire Lune, from Mickel Fell, at Cotharstone by the Balder, and at Barnard Castle by the Deepdale Beck, while a little below the latter it receives the Greta, from Stainmoor. Over Stainmoor and along the Greta valley came the glaciers that, spreading fan-like to the east, deposited boulders from the Cumbrian Hills over the vale of York, the Wolds, and Holderness. The

Source,  
Weel,  
Caldron  
Snout.

Volcanic  
rocks.  
High Force.  
Low Force.

Glacier  
course.

lower course of the Greta is very romantic, rich woods, rugged rocks, and running stream, combining to produce most picturesque scenes. Its Brignall, Greta Bridge, Rokeby, and Mortham Tower are immortalized in Scott's *Rokeby*—

Greta, Brignall, Rokeby,  
Do-the-boys Hall.

"O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen."

And Dickens has as lastingly associated Do-the-boys Hall, at Bowes, with liberal doses of treacle and brimstone. An amusing old ballad tells how one of the lords of Rokeby gave the Felon Sow of Rokeby Woods to the monks of Richmond, and the struggles they had to secure the prize, for

Felon Sow.

"She was mair than other three,  
The grisliest beast that there might be;  
Her head was great and gray;  
She was bred in Rokeby Wood:  
There were few that thither good  
That came on live away."

With many windings, the river flows on past Wycliffe (the birthplace of the great reformer), Yarm and Stockton, to Middlesbrough, which in the last fifty years has grown from a single house to a town of 70,000 people—a remarkable development, owing to the invention of railways and the discovery of the lias ironstone. Recently salt-beds have been found in the neighbourhood, very deep down. The beds are flooded through deep borings; then the saturated water is pumped up and evaporated, leaving the salt in crystals.

A Mushroom town.

## STREAMS DOWN THE W. SLOPE OF BACKBONE.

DOWN the westward slope of the N.W. watershed the Eden, Lune and Ribble follow the dip of the land towards the Irish Sea. The Eden rises beyond the confines of Yorkshire, opposite Swale Head, and then for a mile and a half forms the boundary between Yorkshire and Westmoreland, in the dreadful chasm of Hell Gill. The Lune (*Alauna*, white) rises in the same latitude, but further west, and for some miles also forms the boundary between the two counties, receiving the

Eden, Lune  
and  
Hell Gill.

**Rawthrey** from **Bowfell**, past **Sedbergh**, and the **Greta Beck** from the valley between **Whernside** and **Ingleborough**. The **Greta Beck** has for some distance an underground channel, marked in one part by the contiguous breaks in the superposed limestone known as **Gringle Pot**, **Hurtle Pot**, and **Weathercote Cave**, four miles above **Ingleton**. During floods the glutting of the water among the rocks in **Hurtle Pot** produces a loud gurgling noise, called the "**Hurtle Pot Boggart**." In **Weathercote Cave** the stream forms a subterranean fall of 75 feet, down which the water plunges, and then sinks to further hidden depths among a mass of rocks at the bottom of the cave. Wonderful and instructive as these pots and subways are of the corrosive action of air and water upon limestone, a still more striking instance of it is afforded by **Ingleborough Cave**, connected with **Clapdale Beck**, a feeder of the **Wenning** tributary of the **Lune**. This is a long gallery, penetrating, by a semi-circular route, 700 yards into the heart of **Ingleborough**, terminating in an unfathomed abyss, down the farther side of which, 80 feet below the floor of the cave, a subterranean stream forms a subterranean fall into the pool beneath. Throughout the whole length there are but two places where the explorer is compelled to resort to a crouching position. From the roof, in places irregular, in others flat and tessellated, and in others arched and groined, stalactites.

"The mountain's frozen tears,  
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spire,  
Hang downwards, raining a doubtful light."

While from the floor beneath stalagmites

"Still increase  
In height and bulk by a continuous drop,  
Which upon each distilleth from the top,  
And falling still, exactly on the crown,  
There break themselves to mists, which trickle down,  
Crust into stone, and (but with leisure) swell  
The sides, and still advance the miracle."

In the **Pillar Hall**, stalactite and stalagmite, twisted into spirals by the current of air, have met, forming pillars from floor to ceiling—the largest of them 8 ft. 6 in. high and 3 ft. round. Sometimes, where the roof is fissured, the stalactites assume the forms of wings and curtains so delicately constructed, that

"All the art the chisel could supply,  
 Ne'er wrought such curious forms of drapery;  
 And yet the pleats as soft and flowing are,  
 As finest folds from finest looms they were."

These, when gently tapped, emit a sweet bell-toned sound,—fairly music in a fairies' home. Where the floor is not studded with stalagmites, you walk over sand or pebbles, or bare rock, the bed of the stream which, by the nibbling of its carbonic acid, and the friction of its sand and pebbles, wore the original crevice into its present form, then left it when the terminal abyss broke through into a deeper channel still. To see from whence the stream comes, we must ascend the slope of Ingleborough some distance above the cave. There several rills unite to form a considerable beck, which disappears in a pot called Gaping Gill deep, to reappear at the mouth of the cave. From thence it flows through a desolate valley, with limestone ranges on either hand, receiving streams from deep rifts that furrow the sides of Ingleborough and Whernside, and give a wild and gloomy grandeur to the scene. On the top of Ingleborough are distinct traces of an ancient British camp, covering an area of 15 acres.

How the  
 Cave was  
 formed.  
 Descent of  
 Stream  
 through  
 Gaping Gill  
 Hole.

Hole, 150 feet

Scenery in  
 Vale.

British Camp  
 on mountain  
 top.

traces of an

## RIBBLESDALE.

THE Ribble rises in Cam Fell, near the edge of Upper Wensleydale. and flows first between Whernside (*quern*=a hand mill) and Cam Fell, then between Ingleborough (*flame hill*) and Penygant (*head of the ascent*), and then among the low hills, below the Craven Fault, past Horton, Settle, Long Preston, and Gisburn, into Lancashire. In the neighbourhood of Horton it flows over slate, which is extensively quarried there.

Settle probably got its name from being *settled* or nestled at the foot of a part of the Craven Fault Cliff, called Castleberg. This cliff, 300 feet high, formerly was the gnomon of a natural sundial, the hours being marked by its shadow on large stones placed at proper distances. At Giggleswick, near Settle, is a remarkable ebbing and flowing well, where the water rises and falls alternately; in wet weather several times an hour, in dry weather more rarely. The

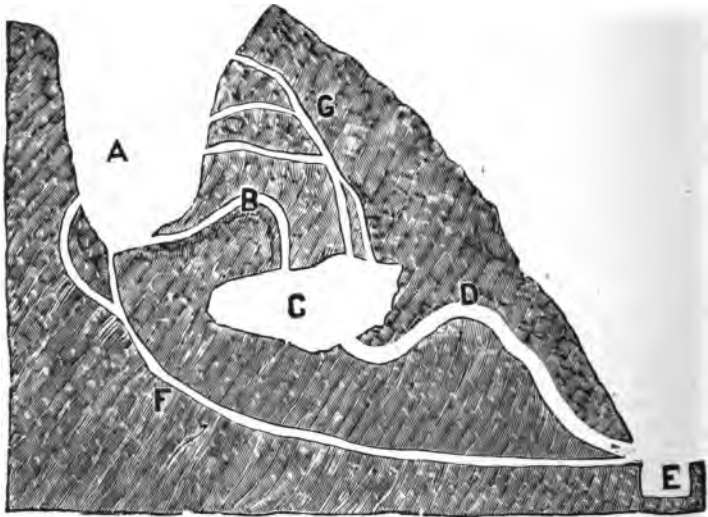
Source and  
 course.

Settle.  
 Ebbing and  
 flowing well.  
 Legend.

ancients assigned to it this strange origin. A nymph, they said, being pursued by a satyr, prayed to the gods for a way of escape, so

"They changed her to a spring, which as she then did pant,  
When, wearied with her course, her breath grew wondrous scant.  
Even as the fearful nymph then thick and short did blow,  
Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb and flow."

Natural science, however, traces it to the more rational, if less poetic, action of double reservoirs and double syphons explained in the figure.



A Great basin in rock.—B Duct from A to C.—C Second basin.—D Duct from C to well E.—F Crevice forming flow when water in A is too low for B.—G Crevice down which water flows when A is full.—B and D form syphons.—B draws from A and fills C until it flows over at D.—D, wider than B, soon empties; flow interrupted until C again fills to level of D.

A mile and a quarter N.E. of Settle, in the face of Langcliffe Scar, overhanging Langcliffe village, is Victoria Cave, so called because it was discovered on Coronation-day. It is 1,450 feet above the sea, and 900 above the bed of the Ribble, nine furlongs distant. About its mouth was a talus, two feet thick, of debris from the cliff above. Eighth century remains found beneath this, lead to the inference that it had taken 1,200 years in forming. Beyond this, the upper bed of the floor, six feet thick, yielded to the excavator ornaments and implements of bronze and bone, pottery and coins—relics, perhaps, of Celtic refugees hiding from the Saxons. Associated with these were bones of ox, goat, roe-deer, stag, pig, horse, dog, badger, and smaller carnivora and rodentia. Below this a layer of rudely-shaped flint flakes, a bone harpoon, and broken bones of brown bear, red deer, ox, and horse, evidences of still earlier refugees. Beneath this is a layer of clay, 12 feet thick, with scratched boulders; evidently of glacial origin. Then another stratum of cave earth, with bones of elephant, hyena, rhinoceros, and bison, confirmed the evidence yielded by Kirkdale Cave, of a former fauna roaming over our island differing widely from that of our own times.

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## RESIDENCES.

**R**ICH as Yorkshire is in ruined Castles and Abbeys—wasting memorials of the two great powers of feudal times—it is not less rich in those “stately homes” which, with their surroundings, animate its landscapes. A sketch of the county would be far from complete without a brief notice of such of these as are noteworthy for their historical associations, grandeur of design, lovely situation, or collections of art and vertu. For convenience of reference they are given here under headings of towns, &c., alphabetically arranged, from which they are easily accessible.

### AYSGARTH.

*Nappa Hall* was the ancient home of the Metcalfes, heads of the clan Metcalfe which at one time occupied most of the dale. One of them, who was Sheriff in 1556, met the judges at York with 300 of his clan, all mounted on white horses. King John and Sir Walter Raleigh are said to have been visitors here, and the latter is credited with stocking the Ure with crayfish.

*Swinethwaite Hall* (J. Pilkington, Esq.) has in its grounds a temple commanding a splendid view of Aysgarth Force.

## BRIDLINGTON.

*Boynton Hall* (Sir George Cholmley) is a large brick mansion near Bridlington. It contains a portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria, presented by herself. Having landed at Bridlington with arms for 10,000 men, she was driven from the town by the bombardment of the Parliamentary admiral, Batten. She first took refuge in a ditch outside the town, and afterwards at Boynton Hall.

*Thorpe Hall* (Hon. Mrs. Bosville), five miles from Bridlington, is near the village of Rudstone, which takes its name from a stone similar to the Devil's Arrows near Boroughbridge.

## BROUGH.

Near here is *Brantinghamthorpe* (Sir C. Sykes), on the slope of the Wolds, commanding a splendid view over the Humber and the vale of York.

## BEDALE.

*Hornby Castle* (—, Foster, Esq.), five miles from Bedale, has an extensive, well-wooded park, with fine view over the vale of Mowbray, to the Cleveland and Hambleton Hills. It was the residence of Thomas Osborne, afterwards Duke of Leeds, who was Chairman of the Committee of the whole House that invited William of Orange to the English throne on the flight of James II.

## BRADFORD.

Near Bradford are *Bierley Hall*, where the first cedar grown in the north of England was raised, from a slip sent from Lebanon; and *Bowling Hall* (James Tapkard, Esq.), where the Duke of Newcastle resided during the siege of Bradford, and was visited by the apparition which begged him to "pity poor Bradford."

*Milner Field* (Titus Salt, Esq.), on the slope near Shipley Glen, has a fine view of this part of the Aire valley, and of Saltaire, created by the founder of the family.

*St. Ives*, near Bingley (W. B. Ferrand, Esq.), is pleasantly situated in a fine park, on the slope of the pretty valley of Harden Beck.

*Esholt Hall*, near Apperley Bridge (the late General Stansfield), on the site of a nunnery, is surrounded by perhaps the finest woodland in the district.

## BOWES.

*Wycliffe Hall* (—, Taplin, Esq.), occupies the site of the birthplace of Wycliffe, the English Luther.



*Lartington Hall*, near Bowes, contains a fine collection of mineralogical and geological specimens, and very picturesque walks lead from it down the neighbouring "gills" to the Tees.

#### DRIFFIELD.

*Burton Agnes Hall* (Sir H. Boynton), on a well-wooded slope of the Wolds, is a fine specimen of the residences of the time of James the First.

*Lowthorpe Lodge*, near the village of the same name, has been for many generations the seat of the St. Quentins.

#### GISBURNE.

*Gisburne Park* (Lord Ribblesdale), close to Gisburne, has a fine view of the picturesque glen through which the Ribble here flows; and it possesses a fine collection of pictures.

*Bolton Hall*, three miles from Gisburne, in a hilly, richly-wooded country, was for some time the hiding-place of Henry VI. after the Battle of Hexham. After a year's concealment, he was betrayed by one of the monks of Whalley Abbey, at Waddington Hall, six miles below Bolton Hall.

#### GOOLE.

*Saltmarshe Hall*, on low, flat ground close to the Humber, is the residence of a very old family of that name, tracing itself back beyond the Conquest.

#### GILLING.

*Stanwick Hall* (Duke of Northumberland), surrounded by ancient entrenchments, is near the site of Old Richmond, or Barford, now deserted.

#### GUIBOROUGH.

Between Guisborough and Saltburn is *Upleatham Hall* (Earl of Zetland), with Italian gardens and good park.

#### HELMSLEY.

*Duncombe Park* (Earl of Feversham), designed by Vamburgh, the builder of Castle Howard and Blenheim, faces a large semi-circular lawn, bordered by thick woods, and has a wide view over Helmsley and its ruined castle, and the vale of York, to the moors and the Wolds. Its collection of sculptures and paintings is one of the finest in England.

*Hovingham Hall* (Sir W. Worsley) is in the modern Italian style.

## HARROGATE.

*Ripley Castle* (Sir W. Ingilby), near the village of Ripley, was built in the time of Mary, and has a collection of valuable MSS. from Fountains Abbey. Here Cromwell lodged the night before the battle of Marston Moor, jealously watched by Lady Ingilby, with pistols in her apron band.

## HORNSEA.

Near Hornsea are *Siggleshorpe Hall* (Sir W. Wright) and *Wassand Hall* (H. Strickland Constable, Esq.). Further inland is *Burton Constable* (Sir Talbot Constable), on the slope of a slight acclivity called Roe Hill. It is one of the finest residences in the county, surrounded by a well-stocked park, and has a wide view over the flat lands of Holderness.

At *Rolleston Hall*, Mappleton, lived W. Brough, Esq., who superintended the execution of Admiral Byng, and against whom the pirate, Paul Jones, vented his spleen whenever he sailed that way, by firing a shot at his residence.

## HUDDERSFIELD.

*Woodsome Hall* (Earl of Dartmouth), near Almondbury, is one of our most charming specimens of the 16th century style, and has a wide view over the valley of the Colne.

Other residences near Huddersfield are *Fixby Park* (Col. Edwards) and *Storrs Hall*, near Kirkburton.

## ILKLEY.

*Denton Hall* (D'Arcy Wyvill, Esq.), commanding a splendid view of Wharfedale, towards Burley and Otley, occupies the site of an ancient hall of the Fairfaxes. Prince Rupert spent a short time there on his way to Marston Moor, and spared it from destruction because of a portrait of one of the Fairfaxes who perished at the siege of Frankenthal.

*Hollin Hall*, the birthplace of Heber, is a modest residence on the way to Addingham.

## KNARESBOROUGH.

*Ribstone Hall* (J. Dent Dent, Esq.), on Nidd bank, near Goldsborough, occupies the site of an ancient preceptory of the Templars. In the gardens here the apples known as "*Ribstone Pippins*" were first grown. The original tree, raised from a *pippin*, is still living.

*Stourton Castle*, at Allerton Mauleverer, is the seat of Lord Stourton; *Scriven Park*, of the Slingsbys; and *Plumpton Park*, of the Plumptons, one of whom was executed with Archbishop Scrope.

#### KNOTTINGLEY.

In the park of *Fryston Hall* (Lord Houghton) is a stone coffin, with skeleton, supposed to be that of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, leader of the barons against Edward II., and beheaded at Pontefract.

#### KILNSEY.

*Netherside Hall*, near Kilnsey, is the seat of Colonel Neville.

#### LEEDS.

*Temple Newsam*, five miles S.E. of Leeds (Mrs. Meynell-Ingram), formerly a preceptory of the Templars, was probably the Templestowe described in Scott's "*Ivanhoe*." It was the birthplace of Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots. It has a good collection of pictures. The gates were designed by Smeaton, the engineer of Eddystone Lighthouse, who was a native of the village of Austhorpe, about a mile away.

*Ledstone Hall*, near Garforth, was the seat of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and afterwards of the Dukes of Huntingdon.

*Kiddal Hall* is a 15th century house, near Barwick, said to be haunted by the ghost of one of the Ellises, killed by the Parliamentary troops.

*Huddlestone Hall*, near Micklefield, is near the quarries from which the stone for building part of York Minster was obtained.

*Howley Hall*, near Morton, now partly demolished, was built by Sir J. Saville, the first Mayor of Leeds, A.D. 1626.

#### MALTON.

*Castle Howard* (Earl of Carlisle), built by Vamburgh, is one of the finest residences in England. Horace Walpole says of it: "I had been told that it was one of the finest places in Yorkshire, but not that I should see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples on high places, woods worthy of being a metropolis of the Druids, the noblest lawn in the world, fenced in by half the horizon, and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive."

*Birdsall Hall* (Lord Middleton) is three miles S. from Malton. On a hill above it is a remarkable tumulus, called Aldron.

*Sledmere* (Sir Tatton Sykes), between Malton and Driffild, has opposite the gates a memorial temple erected in commemoration of Sir C. Sykes, by his son, Sir Tatton Sykes, the pioneer of the agricultural movement which has converted the bare sheep-walks of the Wolds into valuable corn-lands. Famous himself for his fine breed of sheep and horses, he encouraged his tenantry to emulate him in this respect, as the following incident will show. Said one of his aged tenants to me about the date of Sir Tatton's death :—"Soon after I began farming I had a very unfortunate year from loss of cattle, and had to be content with two very inferior rams. Sir Tatton noticed them. He came to me and asked sternly, 'What do you mean by having such miserable things among your sheep?' 'They are the best I can afford,' I replied; 'the year's losses have crippled me.' The next I heard of it was a present of two of his own rams, and the return of half a year's rent. There's a landlord for you!" the old man ended, with a quiver in his voice; "I never looked back after it."

#### MARKET WRIGHTON.

*Londesborough Lodge* (Lord Londesborough) replaced an old residence of the Dukes of Devonshire, one of whom sold it and the estate to Hudson, the Railway King, for £470,000, who resold them to the present owner for the same sum.

#### MASHAM.

*Swinton Park* (S. C. Lister, Esq.) is a fine castellated mansion, in an extensive park, well stocked with deer.

#### MELMERBY.

*Baldersby Park* (Lord Downe) has some fine oaks, but a confined view. It was for some time the residence of the "Railway King."

#### MALHAM.

*Tarn House* (— Morrison, Esq.) occupies a somewhat lonely position on the Fell, above Malham Tarn.

#### MASBOROUGH.

*Thrybergh Park* (J. Fullerton, Esq.) is a modern house, with a fine view of the Don. Near the village is St. Leonard's Cross. It is said that here an heiress of the Normanvilles, who owned Thrybergh, plighted her troth to the ancestor of the Reresbys, on the eve of his departure to the Holy Land. For many years she heard nothing of him, and at length became engaged to another. But just before the

time fixed for the wedding, she received a mysterious request to repair to the cross, where her former lover, in the guise of a palmer, met her, and to whom she was shortly afterwards married.

#### NORTHALLERTON.

*Pepper Hall* (H. Hood, Esq.), near the scene of the Battle of the Standard, stands in a richly wooded part of the Vale of Mowbray.

#### OTLEY.

*Farnley Hall* (Ayscough Fawkes, Esq.) has some fine paintings by Turner, who was a frequent visitor there, and who, Ruskin thinks, got his early conception of mountain scenery from this part of Yorkshire. Among the curiosities of the house are Cromwell's watch and sword, and the hat he wore at Marston Moor. There is also a drinking-horn made from the shoe of General Fairfax.

*Wharfedale House* was the modest residence of the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster, who, for true patriotism and integrity of character, ranks among the Marvells and Wilberforces of his country, and whose labours in the spreading of popular education brought to the door of every English citizen means of culture, refinement and progress, deserving of individual and national gratitude.

#### POCKLINGTON.

*Kilwick Percy* (Hon. A. Duncombe) and *Warter Priory* (Lord Muncaster) occupy pretty well-wooded Wold slopes. The latter is now in the occupation of — Wilson, Esq., a member of the Hull shipping firm of Wilson & Co., the largest shipowners in the world.

#### PONTEFRACT.

*Ackworth Park* (W. Peel, Esq.), *Nostel Priory* (Lord St. Oswald), and *Walton Hall* (E. Hailstone, Esq.), are all easily reached from Pontefract or Wakefield.

*Nostel Priory*, built on the site of an ancient priory of the Augustines, has a fine park, with deer, and a splendid collection of pictures. From here Hyde wrote the answers of Charles to the proposals of the Parliamentary party.

*Walton Hall*, built on one of several islands in a lake, is surrounded by 260 acres of undulating ground swelling up around it. The whole park was enclosed by a high wall at a cost of £9,000, and the grounds were laid out, by the celebrated naturalist, C. Waterton, Esq., the former owner, as a quiet retreat for every bird and beast that

chose to take refuge there. No gun was allowed to be fired within it to disturb them. It swarmed with Egyptian and Canadian geese, mallards, teal, widgeons, pochards, golden-eyes, tufted ducks, geese and shovellers, coots, waterhens, herons, and owls. Even the shyest birds grew quite tame and confident. Whenever the owner appeared, there was a general rush in his direction, and great flapping of wings and welcome of eager voices, as they crowded round and snatched the expected food from his hand. The present owner has brought to the place one of the best collections of Yorkshire books and prints, and fine specimens of porcelain and glass.

#### RIPON.

*Studley Royal* (Marquis of Ripon). Its terraced gardens rising from the Skell, with statues, temples, towers, and evergreen hedges, are considered the best specimens of the Dutch style of ornamentation which came into vogue on the accession of William of Orange. These, combined with the natural woods adjoining, the well-preserved ruins of Fountains Abbey, and the seven-sisters yews that sheltered its founders, make up a scene of beauty and historical association unsurpassed in the county.

*Newby Hall* (Lady Mary Vyner), designed by Sir Christopher Wren, has one of our finest private collections of sculptures. Near it, at Skelton, is the small but richly decorated memorial church, built by Lady M. Vyner, at a cost of £30,000, in memory of her son, Mr. F. Vyner, captured and shot by brigands in 1871. In the Ure, opposite the park, were drowned, in 1869, Sir Charles Slingsby and six others of a hunting party, by the upsetting of a ferry-boat in which they were crossing the river, then much swollen.

*Norton Conyers* (Lord Downe), near Melmerby, belonged to the Nortons mentioned in the "White Doe of Rylstone," and afterwards to the Grahams. It is said that Sir Richard Graham, fleeing mortally wounded from Marston Moor, was followed here by Cromwell, who galloped his horse into the hall and up the staircase, and shook the expiring knight until he died. The print of a hoof on the staircase is shown in attestation of the story.

Other important residences within easy distance of Ripon are,—*Markenfield Hall* (Lord Grantley), formerly belonging to the Markenfields who took part in the Battle of Flodden and the Pilgrimage of Grace; *Nidd Hall*, the residence of Miss Rawson, Lady of the Manor of Bradford; *Kirkby Hall* (Sir H. M. Thompson), near Great Ouse-

burn; *Copgrove Hall* (Mrs. Schiffner), near Boroughbridge; *Grantley Hall* (Lord Grantley), and *Fountains Hall*, a fine specimen of architecture of the time of James I.

#### REDCAR.

*Kirkleatham Hall* (A. H. T. Newcomen, Esq.) has well-wooded grounds, and a fine view.

*Wilton Castle* (Sir C. H. Lowther), near Eston Nab, occupies the site of an ancient castle of the Bulmers, the last of whom was executed for participation in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and his wife burnt at Smithfield.

#### RICHMOND.

*Aske Hall* (Earl of Zetland) stands in a well-wooded park, on high ground on the road leading to Barnard Castle, and commands a view across the vale to Roseberry Topping. It was one of the manors of the Aske family of Aughton, on the Derwent, one of whom, Robert Aske, was the leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace.

#### SKIPTON.

*Broughton Hall* (Sir C. Tempest) is a stately house, in a fine park, wherein yews are a striking feature.

*Eshton Hall* (Sir M. Wilson) takes its name from the *ash* wood behind it. It commands a good view over Rylstone and Flasby Fells; and contains a good collection of pictures, and a library of historical and topographical works.

#### SALTBURN.

*Skelton Castle* (T. Wharton, Esq.) is a modern residence, on the site of a former seat of the Bruces. Sterne was a frequent visitor here.

#### SCARBOROUGH.

*Hackness Park* (Sir J. V. B. Johnstone) is approached by a road through wooded undulations, affording fine views of Scarborough.

#### STOCKTON.

At *Halnaby Hall*, (W. H. Wilson Todd, Esq.), Byron spent his honeymoon.

#### SELBY.

*Grimston Park*, on the Wharfe, near Sutton, formerly the seat of Lord Londesborough, now of J. Fielden, Esq.

## TADCASTER.

*Newton Hall* (F. Fairfax, Esq.) has some interesting Fairfax portraits.

*Bramham Park* (George Lane Fox, Esq.) ranks among the first in Yorkshire for the extent and beauty of its grounds.

*Hazlewood Hall* (Yavasours), on high ground opposite Towton, commands a view of the Minsters of York and Lincoln, 60 miles apart.

## THIRSK.

*Newburgh Park* is the seat of Sir G. O. Wombwell, who inherited it from the Fauconbergs. The second Lord Fauconberg married Cromwell's daughter. A sword, watch, and saddle of the Protector are among the relics of the place. It is asserted that his remains were brought here and buried, after exposure at Tyburn, on the restoration of Charles II.

*Thornton-le-Street Hall* is near Kirkby Wiske, the birthplace of Roger Ascham, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth.

## WETHERBY.

*Harewood House* (Lord Harewood) is a noble mansion, in well-wooded grounds, commanding a splendid view of Wharfedale. On the opposite side of the hill are the ivy-clad ruins of Harewood Castle. Near it was Gawthorpe Hall, the residence of Chief Justice Gascoigne, who dealt so firmly with the wild prince, Mad-cap Harry.

*Ingmanthorpe Hall* (— Montague, Esq.) is near Cowthorpe, noted for possessing the Cowthorpe Oak, the oldest and largest oak in England. Its age is estimated at 1,600 years, and before some of its branches fell, it overshadowed half an acre of ground. A hollow in its trunk, 11 ft. in diameter, is capable of accommodating a large party.

## WAKEFIELD.

*Heath Old Hall*, near Heath village, is a good Elizabethan house, and still has some fine elms about it. It was asserted that one of its former occupants died from being "bewitched" by Mary Pannall, who was executed for the supposed offence, at York, in 1593.

## YORK.

Within a few miles from York are *Bemingbrough Hall* (Hon. P. Dawnay); *Escrick Park* (Lord Wenlock); *Heslington Hall* (— Yarburgh, Esq.); and *Nun Appleton Hall* (Sir W. Milner).



## GENERAL ASPECT OF VEGETATION, &amp;c.

**E**LEVATION affects climate, and soils vary with the outcrop of the geological strata. Both the general aspect of vegetation and the location of special species of plants depend on the climate and soil of each district. Hence Yorkshire, with its climate varying from that of its high plateaus to that of its low spreading plains, and with its great diversity of soils arising from the rocks cropping up across its surface, is mapped out by nature into distinct characteristic areas, and possesses an exceptional variety of botanical species. Wide heaths cover the high gritstone which occurs in patches in the N.W. and is universal in the S.W., and miles of similar moors stretch across the north-eastern hills. Green pastures occupy the limestone slopes and dales, while the great plains of York and Holderness, with the rolling Wolds between, teem with cereals and root crops. The warp-soils bordering the Humber produce excellent potato crops, and on the strong clays here and there teazles are grown for raising the nap on broadcloth.

Causes of variety.

Divisional characteristics.

By the general character of the vegetation, and the recognition of a few characteristic plants, we may pretty accurately judge the nature of the soil, and sometimes even its elevation above the sea.

The soils may be classified as—

1. Peaty.
2. Arenaceous (sand, sandstone, gravel, grit).
3. Argillaceous (clay and shale).
4. Calcareous (limestone, chalk, marl).
5. Igneo-metamorphic (granite, basalt, clay-slates).

How to judge soil and elevation from plants.

**PEATY SOIL.**—As we approach peaty soil we notice the gradual disappearance of the common grasses of our pastures, and of the yellow-flowered plants, such as the dandelion, ragwort, and buttercup, as well as of the common weeds usually found occupying waste places.

Heather, ling, bilberry, gale, cloudberry.

Heather and ling seem to become masters of the situation, to the exclusion of almost everything else. Here and there we may come across large patches of mat-weed, among which, after it has done flowering and is ripening its seed, there springs up a taller grass with wiry stem, that bears a narrow spray of bluish flowers and is quite characteristic of peaty soils. Rushes, sedges, and bogmoss also abound in the boggy portions.

At moderate elevations, among the purple heather and the hardier lighter-flowered ling, the bilberry hides its juicy damson-coloured berries, and the sweet gale, from which a pleasant home-brewed beer is made, flourishes. Higher up we find the purple-flowered saxifrage, and nearest the clouds, at elevations of not less than 1,500 ft., the bramble-leaved cloudberry.

Buckthorn ceases at 1,000 ft. above the sea, common bracken at 1,500 ft. Five or six hundred feet beyond this the cross-leaved heath disappears, and at 2,000 ft. the only conspicuous plant about is ling.

**SANDY SOILS.**—On sandy soils we find abundant—the *broom* (the *planta genista* of our histories), its long slender branches hung with golden drops; the common *hawkweed*, that looks so like a half-brother of the dandelion; the *sheep's sorrel*, with red flower whorls circling its stem, and leaves of pleasant acid taste; the *wood-sage*, with greenish unobscure flowers, and leaves that taste and smell like garlic; the tall *foxglove*, with its pile of bells all hanging on the same side of its woolly stem; and the *bird's-foot*, with slender spray of leaves and claw-like seed-pods. On this soil, too, mushrooms and toadstools thrive better than elsewhere.

**LIMESTONE SOIL.**—Wherever we meet with the *white beam*, the *hairy violet*, the rough-stemmed hairy-leaved *rock-cress*, the sombre *yew* with its translucent bright scarlet berries, the creamy rose-tipped *dropwort*, or the egg-leaved cucumber-scented *salad burnet*, we may conclude we are in limestone soil; and the absence of the heaths, bilberry, and foxglove, confirms our conclusion.

**CLAYEY SOILS.**—Clayey soils are characterized by the absence of the distinctive plants of other soils more than by their own specialities. They are distinguished by their abundance of white clover, sneezewort yarrow, and colt's-foot. The latter is especially prevalent, covering wastes and fallows with its large hoof-shaped leaves. Its yellow-dotted thistle-like heads are much sought after for making cleat wine.

In the dells and ditches of the lowlands, reeds, bulrushes, and horsetails are abundant. Bulrushes thrive best at from 20 ft. to 200 ft. above the sea. They are rarely found at an elevation above 500 ft., and never above 600 ft.

IGNEO-METAMORPHIC SOILS.—There are very few *familiar* plants belonging to these soils in Yorkshire. The commonest is the *Alpine lady's mantle*, so named from the lustrous, satin-like down covering the under side of its leaves. It is found about Sedbergh, and has a very beautiful cluster of yellowish-green flowers, easily overlooked by a casual observer.

Lady's  
mantle.

THE SEA-SHORE.—Of shrubby plants the Yorkshire littoral has but few species. One of the most common and striking of these, found on sandy shore and cliffs from Whitby southward, is the *sea-buckthorn*. It has numerous branches, all terminating in a thorn, and leaves that are leaden-green above and silver-scaly beneath. Orange-coloured unwholesome berries succeed its greenish-flowered bloom.

Sea-  
buckthorn,  
sea-holly,  
sea-beet,  
purple  
sea-rocket,  
saltwort,  
glasswort,  
arrowgrass,  
plaintain.

The *sea-holly*, found in the cliffs about Scarborough, and the "*sea lavender*, that lacks perfume," found in the marshes of Coatham and about the mouth of the Esk at Whitby, are amongst the most attractive of sea-side plants.

In places where the mud of the shore is strongly impregnated with brine we find—the *sea-beet*, with ovate spinach-flavoured leaves, green in summer, purple-tinged in autumn, and sweet red root used as a pickle; the *purple sea-rocket*, with juicy deeply-serrated grey-green leaves, spreading zigzag branches, and tall cluster of purple flowers; the *glasswort*, with jointed, fleshy, semi-transparent stems, and from each tube base a stalk bearing three small, hardly noticeable, green flowers; the *prickly saltwort*, with somewhat similar flowers, but sharp, angular stem that cuts like glass.

Two other plants frequently found in company on sandy and muddy shores are the *sea-arrowgrass* and the *sea-plaintain*.

The *sea-arrowgrass* has thick fleshy leaves, rounded on one side, all springing from the root, and a spike of greenish flowers about a foot high. The *sea-plaintain* has long, slender, channelled leaves, and a flower-spike very like the ordinary plaintain so common everywhere. The *sea-plaintain* is also found at Carr End in Wensleydale, and by Kilnsey Crag, about forty miles in a bee-line from the coast which is their natural habitat, a botanical corroboration of the geological evidence that the dales were originally inlets of the sea.

## SKETCH OF SOCIAL GROWTH.

**T**HE Romans found Yorkshire and the rest of England north of the Humber peopled by a savage and hardy race, whom they called Brigantes, i.e., mountaineers. The word is from the same

root and has the same meaning as the modern **The Brigantes.** Brigands, or mountain robbers of Greece and Italy, who hide among the rocks and caves of their respective countries. On the top of Ingleborough, and on the North York moors near Roseberry Topping, foundations of Brigantean hill-villages are still traceable. They consisted of circular hive-shaped huts, huddled somewhat closely together, surrounded by an earthwork bank. Their towns and villages in the plains were similar assemblages of huts, in clearings deep in the heart of the then extensive forests, where—

“Rude as the wilds around his sylvan home,  
In savage grandeur see the Briton roam;  
Bare were his limbs, and strong with toil and cold,  
By untamed nature cast in giant mould;  
O'er his broad shoulders loosely flung,  
Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung;  
His waist an iron belted falchion bore,  
Massy, and purpled deep with human gore.  
His scarred and rudely-painted limbs around  
Fantastic horror-striking figures frowned.”

Their habits and mode of life in many respects resembled those of the fast-disappearing redskin of North America. In many places,

**Barrows.** on both the eastern and western hills, barrows or artificial mounds mark burial-places, probably of their chiefs. Sometimes near the principal barrow another is found, containing broken human bones, as if the funeral had been celebrated by a cannibal feast, or slaves had been sacrificed and mutilated to accompany their master to the other world.

The Romans spread a network of roads over the county, radiating from York, and under their settled government the

**Roman civilization.** Brigantes learnt to till the soil and build stone houses and bridges. On the withdrawal of the Roman legions, they left the Brigantes enriched by their arts, but enfeebled by their rule.

Unable to resist the swoops of the Caledonians (wild men of the woods), they fell an easy prey to the Saxons, first their allies, then their conquerors, who, upon the ruins of the Brigantean kingdom, built up the two Saxon realms of Deira and Bernicia. Yorkshire constituted the principal portion of Deira, and fell with this conquest into a state of barbarism little if at all above its pre-Roman condition. Of the conquered race some escaped, fleeing westward; others were captured and detained as slaves. The Celto-Roman brooches, ear-rings, and other works of art found on the floor of Victoria Cave, near Settle, show that it was once the resort of people of considerable refinement, probably refugees who during those troubled times found there a temporary safe retreat from their pitiless pursuers.

Saxon  
Conquest.  
Retro-  
gression.  
Evidences of  
disturbed  
times.

These new conquerors are thus described by an old writer:—"We have not a more cruel and dangerous enemy than the Saxons. They overcome all who oppose them. They surprise all who are so imprudent as not to be prepared for their attack. When they pursue they infallibly overtake; when pursued their escape is certain. They despise danger; they are inured to shipwreck; they are eager to purchase booty with the risk of their lives. Tempests, which to others are so dreadful, to them are subjects of joy. The storm is their protection when pressed by an enemy, and a cover for their operations when meditating an attack. They devote to the altars of their gods the tenth part of their chief captives, and on their return the impious vow is fulfilled, the victims being selected with every appearance of equity by the casting of lots. The men delighted in pillage and plunder, and filled the intervals between these with drunken revelings, leaving the women and slaves to tend the flocks and herds and cultivate the soil."

Character  
of the  
conquerors.

But the seventh century saw a great change in Deira. Its King, Edwin, married a Christian princess, daughter of the King of Kent. She brought with her a Christian missionary, Paulinus. By the united influence of these two Edwin was persuaded to fix a day for discussion between this missionary and Coifi, the Saxon highpriest. This took place either at Aldby, near Stamford Bridge, or at Londesborough. Coifi acknowledged the superiority of Paulinus' arguments, and volunteered himself to become a Christian and personally to profane the temple of Odin at Goodmanham (a mile from Londesborough). Mounted on the King's horse, he rode

Christianity  
introduced.  
Temple at  
Goodman-  
ham.

thither, and first profaning it by hurling into it a spear, with his own hands set fire to it.

The new faith was embraced by Edwin's subjects with great ardour; and it is asserted that the former licentiousness and lawlessness of the people was so completely subdued by it that a woman or a child might openly carry a purse of gold from sea to sea without fear of molestation.

Churches and monasteries rapidly multiplied over the country. The invasions of neighbouring kings and the irruptions of the Danes destroyed most of these and almost depopulated the country; but in the crypt of Ripon Cathedral we retain a genuine relic of this first age of Christianity in Yorkshire.

The Saxons divided the county into Ridings or trithings (thirds), which were again subdivided into Hundreds and Wapentakes. The

Hundred consisted probably of one hundred freemen's households. A Wapentake (wapen tac = weapon touch) was a district presided over by a chief, before whom all the members appeared annually with their arms, and touching his lance with theirs, swore fealty to him and to each other in all extremities.

Their class distinctions were *thanes* (nobles), *ceorls* (free peasants and artisans), and *serfs* (labourers bound to the soil, and like all other goods and chattels, transferable with it).

The feudal system introduced by the Normans preserved very much the same divisions. Yorkshire was parcelled out into a number of great baronies, over each of which the lords exercised almost unbounded sway. They held their own courts, which in some instances had in their hands the power of life and death. They raised revenues from their estates by rents, tolls on fairs and markets, and granting trade monopolies.

On some estates slavery was an institution until well into the fourteenth century. Certain places where it was not recognized became refuges for runaways who dared to risk the dangers of pursuit and capture, and, especially towards the close of the period, those who by extra exertion and frugality could raise a moderate sum wherewith to purchase freedom, found no difficulty in doing so.

Most of our great Yorkshire towns were then mere villages, with single-storey dwellings lining wretched narrow lanes, and the inhabitants depended mainly for sustenance upon the cultivation of the surrounding narrow belt of land reclaimed from the waste that spread far around.

Ridings,  
Hundreds,  
Wapen-  
takes.

Classes in  
Saxon and  
feudal times.

Yorkshire  
towns in  
early times.

The peasantry lived in rough wattled huts, no better than the Irish cabin of our days. Narrow slits fitted with fine lattice-work did duty for windows, and the smoke of the turf or wood fire lit in the middle of the floor, found its way as best it could through the thatched roofs. The peasant, seated on a rude bench or a log of wood, ate his meals at a rough-hewn table, from wooden platters, with a wooden spoon, and slept off the fatigues of the day on a bed of straw, with a log of wood for his pillow. His food was mainly bread, oatmeal porridge, and milk. Common vegetables, such as cabbages, onions, carrots, &c., were imported luxuries, within reach only of the rich; and potatoes and groceries were unknown.

Medieval  
homes and  
habits.

Scotch raids, family feuds, and dynastic quarrels and partisanship, made strength and strategic position the prime necessity of the residences of the barons; hence their castles, however picturesque as ruins, were but comfortless homes.

War and hunting were considered the only pursuits worthy of the great, and education was mainly confined to the monks and other church functionaries. Both these classes entered heartily into deer-hunting, hawking, and pig-sticking. Archery and quarter-staff were the athletic sports of the common folk, and bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and cock-fighting, their recreative amusements, varied occasionally by jeering and pelting some misdemeanant in the stocks, or assisting in the taming of a shrew through the cooling medium of the ducking-stool. Belief in witchcraft was universal among high and low, and unhappy was the fate of her whom either malice or prejudice accused of having an "evil eye."

Drunkenness pervaded all classes. Any one could open a drinking-shop on payment of a small fee to the lord of the manor, who provided an official ale-taster to test the genuineness of the brew. Help-ales were a social institution of the time, which shows the prevalence of and countenance given to this vice. When money was needed for church purposes, or to aid an unfortunate neighbour, they resorted to a Help-ale to raise the wind, just as we now-a-days get up concerts and bazaars for similar objects. A big brew was made, and all the neighbourhood was invited to come and pay and drink. Whole families responded; fathers and mothers joining with their children in a general and debasing carouse.

Help-ales.

Through all the eleven centuries or so from the Roman evacuation to the time of Elizabeth, the counties north of the Trent remained the poorest and

Eleven  
centuries of  
stagnation.

least progressive portions of the country. Not more than half the land was under tillage at all, and even that was farmed on the most primitive methods. The arable portion of the reclaimed belt of land surrounding each town or village was divided into three equal portions, each of which lay fallow a year in rotation. Every farmer in the community had one or more strips in each portion, separated sometimes by a narrow balk from his neighbour's strips. Of the two cropped portions, one was devoted to the growth of wheat, the other to oats, barley, pease, or tares. Turnips, clover, and potatoes were not introduced until later. The pastures were held in common from hay-harvest to spring, then fenced into allotments and apportioned by casting lots.

Such were the conditions of life under which the "bold yeomen" of mediæval England existed, whose bills and pikes and crossbows gained her battles abroad, and whose descendants a generation or two later laid the foundations of our liberties in the wreck of Stuart absolutism.

How little their opinions were esteemed in the middle of the sixteenth century is shown by Henry VIII.'s reply to the declaration of the 30,000 Pilgrims of Grace, who assembled under Robert Aske of Aughton on Market Weighton Common. Their aim, they declared, was "the preservation of the King's person and issue, the purification of the nobility, and the expulsion of villain blood and evil counsellors from his Grace." "We think it right strange," runs the royal answer, "that ye, who be but brutes and inexperienced folks, do take upon ye to appoint us who be meet or not for our council."

During the long reign of Elizabeth, peace and settled government resulted in the development of trade and agriculture and the security of property. Elegant Elizabethan halls supplanted gloomy castles as residences of the nobility, and rough wattled farms gave place to dwellings of stone and brick with chimneys. With improvements in dwellings came the increase of home comforts: pewter replaced wooden utensils, carpets covered the floors instead of rushes, and comfortable beds and pillows took the place of straw couches and wooden head-rests.

The Renaissance and the Reformation felt in the spread of learning. Printing facilitated the issue of pamphlets, and the religious controversies of the times stirred up a spirit of enquiry and a thirst for knowledge, which was met by the establishment of grammar-schools, bringing education within reach of the middle classes. A number of these institutions

Dawn of  
brighter  
days.

The  
Renaissance  
and the  
Reformation  
influence on  
the spread of  
education.



spread over Yorkshire, penetrating even into its remote dales, showing how wide-spread this movement was. By them many a yeoman's son was started on a brilliant career. Among many such the following may be cited as instances:—

Potter of Wakefield, Archbishop of Canterbury, and author of "Antiquities of Greece."

Bentley of Wakefield, the famous critic.

Paley of Giggleswick, author of "The Evidences of Christianity."

Adam Sedgwick of Dent, whose "Memoirs" preserve to us lively pictures of dales life and customs.

Dawson, the mathematician, first a shepherd, then M.D., and afterwards the first mathematical tutor of his day, who coached seventeen wranglers at his quiet farm residence in Dentedale, and among them Butler, the late Dean of Peterborough.

And Archbishop Tillotson of Halifax.

And if, as seems probable, the following epitaph, taken from a brass in Hubberholme Church, be the production of a local author, it would seem to point to the existence, more than 100 years ago, of considerable literary culture in the most out-of-the-way corners of the county, due, no doubt, to the training of these schools.

#### EPITAPH.\*

"When full of days and bending to the tomb,  
His earthly race well run, Man meets his doom,  
Wailing at first his loss, at length we find  
Some solace in the fame he leaves behind:  
But when a youth of goodliest hopes appears,  
His virtues growing with his growing years,  
Who in his dawn each flattering sign puts forth,  
Each fairest promise of a day of worth;  
When such appears, and perishes so soon,  
Birth of a morning, brushed away ere noon,  
Who would not grieve? From so severe a blow  
Judge then a Mother's unabating woe."

The success of Dutch engineers in fencing their own lowlands from inundations, by means of dykes and artificial drains, led Charles I., in 1626, to engage a Dutchman, Cornelius Vermuyden,

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\* On James, son of James Tennant, of Yockenthwaite, who died May 10th, 1775, aged 14 years.

to reclaim Hatfield Chase by similar works. Vermuyden and his colony of Dutch navvies accomplished the task, in spite of the persistent opposition of the neighbouring commoners, who broke down his embankments, burnt his implements, and assaulted his workmen. Of the 180,000 acres thus reclaimed he was to receive one-third, but impoverished by opposition and litigation, he died a poor and broken man.

Mr. Finlaison, in his "Preface to the Census Returns of 1831," estimates the population of the whole of England at 5,134,516 in A.D. 1700, at 6,039,684 in 1750, and at 9,187,176 in 1801. In 1750 the population of the whole of the West Riding was but 361,500, and that was an increase of 52 per cent. on the estimated population in 1700; but in 1881 it was 2,175,000.

Arnold Toynbee, in his "Industrial Revolution," inclines to the opinion that at the commencement of the eighteenth century about half of the whole country was still waste. Yorkshire and the northern counties, lagging behind the more southern ones, would have their full proportion of that estimated waste.

But the growth of the woollen industry in West Yorkshire, and the cotton industry in Lancashire, awoke the north from its long

Awakening  
activity.

lethargy. Between 1700 and 1843 lands were extensively enclosed; rivers were deepened and connected by canals with the rising centres of trade. Road-making, which from the time of the Romans had been a dead art, revived; and miserable pack-roads, often quite impassable to vehicles, dangerous to travel in themselves, and more dangerous still from the footpads infesting them, were succeeded by modern highways. In many a Yorkshire village the oldest inhabitants can tell of the time when robber-bands were the terror of travellers and the dread of lonely households; and within the same period smuggling was extensively carried on by the peasants and fishermen of the coast. Capital punishment for robbery and burglary was not abolished until well into the present century, nor had the barbarous amusements of earlier ages disappeared. Drunkenness remained as much the distinctive vice of the whole country as of

" . . . Aberford, whose beginning  
Came from buying drink with pinning;  
Poor they are and very needy,  
Yet of liquor too, too greedy;  
Have they never so much plenty,  
Belly makes their purses empty."

The revival in religion following the preaching of John Wesley in the eighteenth century inaugurated a purer era, and by the middle of the nineteenth century the old brutal pastimes had been swept away. In 1834 our national system of popular education was started with a small grant in aid of building schools: five years later a Committee of the Privy Council was appointed for educational affairs, under which schools rapidly multiplied and grants steadily advanced. But voluntarism, upon which those schools largely depended for maintenance, could only partially supply the needs of the increasing population; and Mr. Forster's Act, passed in 1870, filled up the void by the establishment of rate-aided Board Schools.

Revival in  
Religion.  
National  
education.

The increasing self-respect resulting from higher religious tone and the spread of education, coupled with the labours of temperance societies, has led to such increase of sobriety as gives some hope of the eventual rolling away of the national stigma of drunkenness, while thrift and forethought are fostered by our numerous Savings Banks and Building Societies, which afford the means of storing up mites for future provision, and enabling every occupier to become the owner of his own dwelling. The good results of these thrift-aids are especially apparent in the great West Riding towns, where there is a larger proportion of such owners than in any other part of England.

The half-century which has seen the development of our system of popular education, has also given us the flying express, supplanting the slow stage-coach; the penny post, carrying our missives to the utmost distant parts of the island within twenty-four hours; the electric telegraph, keeping us in immediate touch with what is going on at the farthest ends of the earth; and cheap newspapers to keep us daily conversant with the doings of the world at home and abroad. It has seen, too, the great industrial revolution wrought by steam power, which called into requisition our coal and iron, and placed Yorkshire in the van of manufacturing and agricultural enterprise, with a teeming population no longer politically regarded as but "brutes and inexpert folks," but possessing a weighty voice in that choice of our nation's council which successive extensions of the franchise have, for weal or woe, entrusted to the masses.

But the era which has seen this rapid advance in the condition of one section of the community has witnessed the extinction of another. The yeomen, or small freeholders, who with their families formed one-sixth of the population at the close of the seventeenth century, and by whose aid Cromwell won his battles, have as a class

completely disappeared. After the revolution of 1688, political power centred in the great landholders. Successful traders, anxious to participate in that power, were eager to invest in land which could secure it. Small yeomen, who had been accustomed to eke out their means by domestic manufacture, deprived of that aid by the growth of the factory system, and unable to compete with large farmers, were driven to sell, and land accumulated in the hands of a few.

The West Riding and the Vale of Pickering held out latest against the change in Yorkshire; but, in the end, the class succumbed there as elsewhere. The necessity, however, of such a class as a bulwark against revolution, seems to be tending in the direction of its resuscitation by legislative action.

### THE CLOTHING DISTRICT.

ALL the places noteworthy as participating in this industry in Yorkshire, lie within the middle reaches of the valleys of the Wharfe, Aire, and Calder; and with two or three somewhat unimportant exceptions, are confined to those of the two last-named rivers.

According to a recent Royal Commissioners' Report, the workable area of the Yorkshire coalfield is included within a line drawn from the neighbourhood of Sheffield north-westwardly, past W. of Huddersfield and Halifax to Haworth, then E. nearly to Selby, and sweeping thence S.E. nearly to Goole, and about 12 miles E. of Doncaster, to the borders of the neighbouring county. Its surface in the W. and N.W. is hilly, sometimes even somewhat wild and rugged; but, as we cross it eastward, the hills dwindle in size and partake more of an undulating character, toning down almost imperceptibly into the great vale of York. Beyond its western boundary, and for some ten miles or so along its northern side, lie the wild open moorlands previously spoken of.

Occupying all the N.W. corner of this coalfield, is the Clothing District, full of populous towns, with chains of manufacturing villages between, often so linked together that you may walk from one town to another and never fairly lose the sense of being in a street.

Here, from any slight eminence, within an area 20 miles square you can scarcely fail to find conspicuous in the landscape the tall chimneys of mills engaged in one or other of the processes connected

with this industry, while in the great centres they may be counted by the hundred. The late Bishop Ryan, when complimented on the magnificent view from his study window at Bournemouth, is stated to have said he preferred that from his window at Bradford, from which he could count 300 chimneys. It is hard to realise that all these countless factories are of this century's growth. Yet such is practically the case. A worsted mill was started in a small way at Bradford in 1800, and shortly before that at Addingham and Mytholmroyd. Before that all the operations of clothing manufacture were manual and domestic. The wool was combed, spun, and woven in the homes of the West Riding and the Craven dales. Arkwright, the Preston barber, who "shaved for a halfpenny," patented his spinning frame in 1769; Watt succeeded in applying steam-power to machinery in 1789; and Cartwright's combing machine and loom were brought out in 1792. It was not, however, until well into the 19th century that improvements in these classes of machinery gradually led to the substitution of factory for domestic labour, of mechanical for manual processes. The perfecting of the combing machine, which so dexterously combs the wool, separating it into tops and noils, is due to S. C. Lister, Esq., of Manningham Mills and Swinton Park; and Isaac Holden, Esq., of Oakworth. Stephenson's application of steam as a locomotive force came as the supplementary climax to the great development of machinery, providing rapid and cheap transit for the ever-increasing quantities of goods produced, and material required in production, by means of the network of railways now spread over the country. The result was a tremendous impetus to the trade of this district. Leeds was connected with the Midland Railway in 1839; Bradford with Leeds in 1846; and within the next 10 years all the principal manufacturing towns obtained more or less direct railway communication with each other.

By far the greater portion of the woollen goods manufactured in England are produced in this Yorkshire Clothing District. Some idea of the vastness of the trade may be formed from the quantity of raw material used. The quantity of wool, alpaca, and goats' hair imported in 1886 amounted to 614,983,000 lbs., of which 310,388,000 lbs. were re-exported, leaving for home consumption 304,595,000 lbs. The home production for the same year was 136,544,876 lbs., of which 22,248,000 lbs. were exported, and 114,296,876 lbs. were retained for home use. Thus we had left the enormous quantity of nearly 500,000,000 lbs. of fibre to wash, comb into tops, twist into rovings,

Machinery  
and  
Railways.

Material  
and  
Processes.

and spin into hanks of yarn, ready for the weaver's loom. Each hank contains a thread 560 yards long; and spinners classify their yarns according to the number of these hanks per pound, which varies from 5 to 80. Thus, a pound of 80's yarn would consist of 80 hanks, each 560 yards long, giving a very fine thread, more than 25 miles long, from a single pound of tops. The quantity of material spun by one frame varies, of course, with the thickness of the thread. If we take the medium and most commonly used qualities, 82's, a frame of 144 spindles will spin 30 gross per week, each gross weighing  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Allowing 50 per cent. sinkage out of our 500,000,000 lbs., we have at this rate still left full employment all the year round for something like 36,000 such frames.

Hence in this process alone we find employment for 36,000 hands. Add to this the army of quarrymen, masons, and joiners engaged in building, and repairing, and extending mills, warehouses, and residences; the miners, founders, and mechanics producing the coal and iron and constructing the machinery; the merchants and clerks; the carrying by sea and land; the catering for all employed; and we get some conception of the immense importance of this industry to the trade of the country.

Naturally we are led to enquire into the causes from which Yorkshire acquired so much monopoly in it.

As far back as the fourteenth century we find Leeds History of the trade. and Bradford producing such clothing materials as were then used; but so did most of the principal towns in the country.

In that century many Flemish weavers, driven from home by inundations, came over to England and settled at Norwich, Sudbury, and Colchester. Edward III. induced still more to come over, whom he settled in the same places, and at Exeter and Coventry.

The trade then was widely scattered. Norwich produced woollen fustians; Sudbury, baize; Colchester, sayes and serges; Kent, broad-cloth; Devonshire, kerseys; and Yorkshire, coarse woollens.

The worsted trade was not introduced into Yorkshire until near the close of the seventeenth century. Before that it was centred in Norwich and its neighbourhood, which then formed one of the most populous, busy, and thriving districts in England. But with the introduction of machinery came the almost total transference of the trade from Norfolk into Yorkshire. The latter, with its abundance of coal, iron, and building stone, had immense advantage in the new order of things over its hitherto more prosperous rival.

Introduction  
of worsted  
trade to  
Yorkshire.

Luddite  
Riots.

Besides, its people were already trained in the various processes of the industry, possessed great energy and perseverance, and could be had at lower wages. With foolish shortsightedness, too, the Norfolk workmen by persistent opposition to the introduction of machinery in 1832, helped on the change, and the manufacturing glory of Norfolk rapidly departed.

This coal-bearing corner of West Yorkshire took up the lead, and with giant leaps and bounds developed into the hive we find it now. More than one display of hostile feeling against the use of machinery took place, but fortunately for the district, they were suppressed without permanent injury to the development of its trade.

The worst series of these outbreaks were the Luddite Riots, so called because the rioters acted on decrees issued from a mysterious secret centre, whom they denominated General Ned Lud.

The Napoleonic wars had long unsettled Europe and depressed trade. Workmen already starving saw in power-driven machinery an enemy that they thought threatened their very existence. Its success would rob them of employment and take the bread out of their mouths. Luddism advocated war and destruction against this dangerous supplanter. It originated in the hosiery district; and at Nottingham alone the Luddites destroyed 1,000 knitting-frames. Yorkshire "hands" joined the combination, and for a few years waged the struggle fiercely, plug drawing, demolishing machinery, and destroying mills. Charlotte Brontë, in "Shirley," gives a very graphic description of the attack on Rawfold's Mill, at Liversedge, and its spirited defence against the mob by Mr. Cartwright and the Rev. Hammond Robertson.

Mr. Horsfall, a manufacturer at Marsden, near Huddersfield, who had taken a prominent part against the Luddites, was deliberately waylaid and shot, on his way home from Huddersfield market, death resulting in thirty-eight hours after the attack.

These events took place in 1812, and fourteen persons were hanged for participation in the riots.

In 1822 the rioters surrounded and threatened to destroy a mill in Shipley wherein a new loom had been set up by Mr. James Warbrick, and the place was only saved by surrendering the machine to the violence of the mob.

In 1826 an attack was made at Bradford upon Mr. J. G. Horsfall's mill, which was repulsed by the military stationed within for its protection. Two of the rioters, a youth of eighteen and a boy of thirteen, were shot dead, and three others wounded. One of the

rioters was tried at York and executed, Mr. Hardy, one of the first M.P.'s for Bradford, being prosecuting counsel.

Eventually Luddism broke down completely before the determined persistency of the masters, and this district was fairly launched upon that career of progress and prosperity in which we find it to-day. The period of change, like all great transitions in industry, wrought great hardship for that generation, to confer commensurate blessings upon succeeding ones. At first the factory system bore very hardly upon the operatives. Even children of eight or ten years of age were kept at work fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and many over-greedy employers adopted the truck system, compelling their employes to purchase the necessaries of life at shops opened by the masters. Legislation has abolished both of these crying evils, fixing the hours of labour at fifty-six hours per week, and leaving the employes at liberty to deal where they like; and co-operative stores—which enable them to share in the profits of their own “shopping”—are largely patronised.

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SIR HENRY MITCHELL ON THE WORSTED TRADE.

The following interesting letter was written at the suggestion of Mr. Grinnell, the U.S. Consul at Bradford, for the information of his Government, and gives a good idea of the growth and social effects of the trade:—

“Bradford, 27th June, 1884.

“My dear Sir,—Referring to my conversation with you yesterday, I have much pleasure in giving you some account of the past and present position of the worsted industry of this district. My recollection of the condition of our trade extends over nearly half a century, as so far back as the year 1836 I was employed in a spinning and weaving factory a few miles from this town. At that time the wool was entirely combed by hand, and the work was done to a large extent in the cottages of the workpeople. As charcoal was largely used for heating the combs, the occupation was very detrimental to health, and this, combined with bad sanitary conditions, caused the average mortality to be greatly in excess of the present time. Weaving was also mostly done by hand, and was also carried on in the houses of the operatives. Power looms were then just being introduced, but weaving by hand continued to some extent for about ten years. Now it is almost entirely superseded by power looms, and combing by hand has been entirely abolished for about twenty-five years. Combing



machines came into pretty general use from 1848 to 1860, and no hand work is now done.

"The introduction of machine combing has had a most important bearing upon the growth and development of our trade. It has reduced the cost of combing 75 per cent. on long wools, and in some instances, especially in fine wools, the cost is reduced to about one-eighth of the price paid to hand-combers in 1836. There have also been very marked improvements in spinning machinery, such as the introduction of cop-frames, &c. This, with increased speed and length of frames, has reduced the cost of spinning nearly one-half, and has more than doubled the product of the same number of hands.

"In weaving, the changes have been still more remarkable. A hand-loom weaver in 1836 seldom produced more than 30 or 40 yards of cloth per week; now a single weaver, minding two looms, will frequently turn out 200 to 250 yards of cloth in the same time.

"In dyeing, also, there has been very remarkable progress. Formerly, and for some years after the introduction of cotton warps, wool and cotton could not be dyed together, and it was necessary to dye the cotton warps before weaving, either for black or colours. Now our dyers are able to dye cotton and wool fabrics to any shade required, and at little more than half the cost of forty years ago.

"The growth of our trade has been enormous. In 1836 the total amount was estimated at not over £5,000,000; now it is supposed to reach at least £35,000,000. At the former period there were not more than five or six leading staple articles produced; now there are at least fifty. In 1836 our goods were almost entirely made of English wool, with a small proportion of Australian, South American, and German; now we use wool from all parts of the world, and the foreign supply is greatly in excess of the home, besides which we use enormous quantities of mohair, alpaca, silk, and other fibres which were then unknown.

"The introduction of cotton warps in 1838 and 1839, as well as the introduction of mohair and alpaca about the same time, led to an enormous development of our trade, and to the production of a large variety of cheap and beautiful fabrics which had not previously been made. This was also greatly stimulated by the introduction and development of railways and the abolition of the Corn Laws. These undoubtedly enabled foreign countries to greatly increase their purchases of our goods, and also tended to improve the condition of our people. Since that time the wages of spinners have increased nearly 40 per cent., and of weavers at least 25 per cent. At the present time the earnings of our operatives are about 10 per cent.

less than at the highest point, which was probably reached in 1871 or 1872. There has recently been an advance of from 5 to 10 per cent. in the wages of spinners, weavers, and dyers. They are now well employed, and are producing a larger variety of articles than at any former period.

"Bradford has made more rapid strides during the past two or three years in the variety and excellence of its products than at any former period, and although many other branches of industry are considerably depressed, all our best manufacturers in this district are well employed, and are full of orders for some months to come. This improvement may be attributed to the rapid progress of education, and to the fact that operatives are both intelligent, sober, and industrious. We have excellent elementary schools all over the borough, and have recently established a Technical College, in which our overlookers and managers are receiving a first-rate education in all those branches of art and science which have a direct bearing upon our industries. The institution has cost about £40,000, and is attended by over 800 students, and the number is steadily increasing.

"Forty years ago the hours of labour in our factories were seventy-two per week, and a very small number of our operatives received any education, except those working half-time; now the hours are reduced to fifty-six and a half per week, and all are compelled to go to school until thirteen or fourteen years of age. Although the hours of labour have been so much reduced, there has been no perceptible falling off in the production of goods, as the speed of machinery has been increased, and the hands are able to give more attention to their work and to turn out as much as at any former period. There has also been a very marked decrease in the mortality of both children and adults, and Bradford is now considered one of the healthiest manufacturing towns in the kingdom. Our district is also favoured with an abundant supply of coal and iron, as well as of raw material for manufacturing, being in the centre of the great wool-producing counties of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, from which our best lustre wools are supplied.

"The rate of wages to-day does not materially vary from that of 1878. There has been some reduction in wages of masons, carpenters, and builders, and also in the spinning and manufacturing business, during the depressed period of 1879 to 1883, but recently an advance has taken place about equal to the reduction then made. The habits of the working classes are generally steady and trustworthy, and a considerable proportion of them save money, and a few own their own cottages.

" Apart from the building and machinery trades, very few trade-unions exist. The work in connection with our staple industry is so diversified that it is almost impossible to fix a uniform rate of wages. Generally speaking, a very good feeling exists between the employers and their workpeople, and we have very few strikes. When these occur they are usually settled very quickly, either by direct negotiation or by reference to an arbitrator.

" The working people are free to purchase the necessaries of life wherever they choose. Employers impose no condition in this regard. They are generally paid weekly, in ordinary currency. Several prosperous co-operative societies exist for distributing articles of food and clothing, and some have accumulated considerable capital and have fulfilled the promises held out at their formation; but I don't know of any such societies which have succeeded as manufacturers or producers.

" The general condition of the working classes has greatly improved during the last twenty or thirty years. As a rule they are sober, frugal, and industrious, and many of them have fairly comfortable homes, and are well clothed. In many cases they are able to lay up something for old age and sickness, and many clubs and societies are established for this purpose. There are some exceptions, but they are chiefly the idle and intemperate, or those who have weakly constitutions.

" Every precaution is taken to protect employes from accident by guarding all machinery of a dangerous character, and masters are liable for any damages arising from neglect of these precautions.

" All male householders now possess the franchise, and can vote for both Members of Parliament and municipal officers; and as the working classes are usually in a large majority, they exercise considerable influence at elections. They pay a very small portion of the taxation of the country, the only important articles subject to duty being tea, coffee, tobacco, wine and spirits.

" The tendency of legislation is to shorten the hours of labour and to give every possible protection to the workers.

" The chief causes of emigration are the rapid increase of population, the difficulty of finding suitable occupation, and the desire to improve the position in life.

" I am unable to answer your specific questions in regard to female labour, as we have no reliable statistics to guide us. A very large proportion, however, of both our spinners and weavers are females, and they are generally preferred to men. They earn quite as good wages, which range from 10s. to 25s. a week for adult women.

Some of them are married and have families, and in such cases I fear the health of their children suffers somewhat from the absence of the mothers; but the shortened hours of labour have greatly modified this evil, and infant mortality has greatly decreased during the past few years.—I am, &c.,

"HENRY MITCHELL.

"W. F. Grinnell, Esq., American Consul, Bradford."

The textiles produced in the Yorkshire Clothing District are of very varied character, each district having its own speciality. Leeds is the centre of the smooth, glossy, broad cloth trade; whilst Bradford is mainly engaged in producing worsted coatings, and those soft dress materials such as cashmeres, merinos, cobourgs and orleans, and lustrous of alpaca and mohair specially known as "Bradford goods." Halifax, in addition to a considerable trade in soft Bradford goods and fancy waistcoatings, has extensive carpet manufactories, and Huddersfield shares in much the same business. Carpets and blankets are the distinctive productions of Dewsbury; while Batley takes the lead in the manufacture of shoddy—that resuscitated material of which Sir Geo. Head wrote:—"The trade or occupation of the late owner, his life and habits, or the filthiness and antiquity of the garment itself, oppose no bar to this wonderful regeneration; whether from the scarecrow or the gibbet, it makes no difference; so that, according to the change of human affairs, it no doubt frequently does happen, without figure of speech or metaphor, that the identical garment to-day exposed to the sun and rain in a Kentish cherry orchard or saturated with tobacco smoke on the back of a beggar in a pothouse, is doomed in its turn to grace the swelling collar, or add dignified proportion to the chest of the dandy."

Round these centres cluster many populous and rising places, participating in the staple trade of their respective districts. Thus, Guiseley, Yeadon, Horsforth, Calverley, Pudsey, Tong, Drighlington, Gildersome, and Morley are connected with the Leeds industry; Idle, Shipley, Bingley, Keighley, with that of Bradford; Hipperholme, Elland, Sowerby and Sowerby Bridge, with that of Halifax; Mirfield, Slaithwaite and Almondbury, with that of Huddersfield; and Birstal, Gomersal, Cleckheaton, Liversedge, Heckmondwike, Thornhill and Ossett, with that of Dewsbury and Batley. A rhomboidal figure, with Leeds in the N.E. corner, Dewsbury in the S.E., Keighley in the N.W., Halifax in the S.W., and Bradford about the centre, includes the greater number of these, leaving Hudders-

Varieties of  
goods, and  
where made.

Smaller  
places  
engaged in  
the trade.

Relative  
positions.

field about the apex of an isosceles triangle dropped from the line between Dewsbury and Halifax. The central position of Bradford is well shown by its railway distance from the other chief seats: 9 miles from Leeds, 9 miles from Keighley, 8 miles from Halifax, 10 miles from Dewsbury, and 12½ miles from Huddersfield. Within a radius of 10 miles the population exceeds a million, giving an average per square mile inferior only to equal areas about London and Manchester.

Though we have now in France, Germany, and America somewhat formidable competitors in the world's clothing market, yet much of what Defoe wrote concerning this trade still holds good. Writing in 1714, he thus accounts for its value and extent:—"Nothing can answer all the ends of dress but Defoe's reasons for its vastness. goud English broad-cloth, fine camlets, druggets, serges, and such like. These they must have, and with these none but England can supply them. Be their country hot or cold, torrid or frigid, 'tis the same thing; near the equator or near the pole, your English woollen clothes them all: here it covers them warm from the freezing breath of the northern bear, and there it shades them and keeps them cool from the scorching beams of a perpendicular sun. Let no man wonder that the woollen manufacture is arrived to such magnitude, when, in a word, it may be said to clothe the world."

LEEDS, which occupies a somewhat flat position on ground sloping gently to the Aire, is regarded as the capital of the clothing trade. Its speciality is broad-cloth, but it produces almost every class of woollen goods. It possesses, too, the great advantage of variety in its industries, whereby it escapes those periods of extreme depression which from time to time visit places like Bradford, almost exclusively devoted to one branch. It ranks next to Belfast in its linen manufactures; and its felt factories, iron and brass foundries, shoe, cap, and clothing factories, chemical works, glass works and tanneries, form an important part of the common-wealth of the town. Its principal street, Briggate, is nearly a mile in length, and proportionately wide. Seen from the train on the Hull and Selby line, just before entering the station, it presents a striking scene of bustle and animation, particularly when lit up at night, befitting the first town in Yorkshire and the fifth in the kingdom. The general view, however, is extremely uninviting, from the dense cloud of smoke poured from its innumerable chimneys hanging like a pall over the town, and blackening its many otherwise magnificent buildings. Its Town Hall, built by Broderick, at a cost of £120,000,

and opened by the Queen in 1858, is an imposing structure in the Roman style, surrounded by an open portico and Corinthian pillars, with a peculiar dome-shaped tower rising from the centre. Besides municipal and assize courts and offices, it has a large room called after Her Majesty, Victoria Hall, 162-ft. long, 72-ft. wide, and 75-ft. high, affording accommodation for 8,000 persons. In this hall is the large organ, one of the finest in England, on which free recitals are given periodically. Other important buildings are the Philosophical Hall, with excellent library and lecture-rooms, and valuable archaeological, geological, and zoological collections; the Mechanics' Institute, the Central Public Free Library, the Mixed Cloth Hall, the White Cloth Hall, and the New Exchange. The Parish Church was entirely rebuilt in 1840-1, at a cost of £40,000, by voluntary subscriptions raised by Dean Hook. It has a magnificent organ and an excellent choir—a good sample of those West Riding vocalists whom Jackson brought into prominence in the musical world. The population of Leeds has increased from 53,162 in 1801 to nearly 310,000 in 1881.

BRADFORD occupies the hollow and steep declivities of a basin formed by three converging valleys, through one of which the

Bradford. An observer stationed on any of the high vantage points around, takes in, when the smoke will let him, the whole scene at one view, and carries away with him perhaps the most distinct and impressive picture of a busy manufacturing town to be met with in the kingdom.

Whilst Leeds stands at the head of the broad-cloth branch, Bradford is supreme in the worsted trade, which includes *stuffs*, such as cashmeres, merinos, and serges; *lustres*, as goods made of mohair and alpaca are called; and the *worsted coatings*, variously denominated corkscrews, twills, crape-cloths, &c., which have of late years so much superseded broad-cloth for men's attire. Besides dress materials, it produces vast quantities of damasks and tapestries for curtains, table-cloths, and upholstery purposes; stocking worsted, knitting wools, and braids; china-grass fabrics, and camel's hair goods. Stuffs, lustres, and worsteds are emphatically called *Bradford goods*, and are sometimes styled *soft goods*, because they are finely woven, pliable, and drape gracefully. For making them, "Colonial" wool, from Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, and South America, is used, because it has a finer *staple*, or fibre, than English wool, and can, therefore, be spun into a much finer thread. Mohair is the wool of the Angora goat, the "goat's hair" Moses was commanded to make

into one of the coverings of the Tabernacle. Alpaca is the hair of the small South American camel, or Alpaca goat. Formerly Bradford goods were exported in pieces only, but within the last few years it has developed a large export trade in yarns to France and Germany. Plush, velvets, silks, ribbons, and sewing and embroidery silk are made at Manningham Mills. The total annual value of the Bradford manufactures is estimated at about £30,000,000.

In addition to its colossal warehouses, unsurpassed by those of any other town in size and appearance, Bradford possesses several important public buildings. The Town Hall, opened in 1873, was built from designs by Messrs. Lockwood and Mawson, at a cost of over £100,000. It is in the mediæval style, and has an imposing central campanile tower, with a musical carillon. In niches along the front are statues of all the rulers of England from the Conqueror to Victoria, and in the space in front a canopied statue of Sir Titus Salt. The Technical School, in the promotion of which Sir Henry Mitchell took a prominent part, is in the Venetian-Italian style, from designs by Messrs. Hope, at a cost of £35,000, and was opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1882.—The foundation-stone of the Exchange, Venetian-Gothic in style, designed by the same architects as the Town Hall, was laid by Lord Palmerston in 1864.—In St. George's Hall, the Mechanics' Institute, the Church Institute, the Free Library and Museum, and the Covered Markets, Bradford has other structures befitting its size and importance.

Four parks, one at each cardinal point of the town, and each easy of access, provide enjoyable breathing spaces for its crowds of workers. A curious custom formerly observed here, and at Leeds and Halifax, has of late fallen into disuse. On February 3rd, every seventh year, Bishop Blaize's Festival was commemorated by a trades procession and general rejoicings. St. Blaize, Bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia, was the reputed inventor and patron saint of wool-combing, and one of the inns in Westgate still perpetuates his name. The last of these festivals was held in Bradford in 1825. With the exception perhaps of Middlesbrough, no town in Yorkshire has so rapidly increased in population as Bradford. In 1781 it contained only a little over 4,000 people; in 1801 it had run up to 13,264; and now it is over 200,900, represented in Parliament by three members.

HUDDERSFIELD takes the third place in the clothing industry, but it is closely rivalled in size by Halifax. It stands in the valley of the river Colne, from which it extends up <sup>Huddersfield.</sup> the slope of the hill facing S.E. The immediate neighbourhood is

rather pleasant, but the aspect of the surrounding country is somewhat bare and uninviting. It produces nearly all the varieties of woollen goods made in Bradford. From 1801 to 1881 its population increased from 7,268 to 81,841. Its warehouses and other buildings are of a strikingly handsome and substantial character, especially those around St. George's Square, facing the station. Its other noteworthy buildings are the Town Hall, the College, the Infirmary, and the Market Hall. Nearly the whole town belongs to Sir John Ramsden, in whose family it has been ever since the time of Charles II.

To the N.E. of Huddersfield, under Castle Hill, is the village of Almondbury (Aleman's Castle), formerly a seat of the kings of Northumbria. Its church (All Saints') is said to have been founded by Paulinus. Round the inside of the nave, near the roof, runs the following curious inscription:—

“ Thou man unkind Have in thy mind  
 My bloody facce My woundes wyde  
 On every side For thy trespas—  
 Thou synar hard Turn hiderward  
 Behold thy Savyor free.  
 Unkind thou art From me to depart  
 And mercy I would grant thee—  
 For love of the The Jywes smeared me  
 With skourgons kyne and sharp  
 With a crown of thorn My head al torn  
 With a speyt they thirlyd my hart—  
 With nails tree They nailed me  
 Fast both foyt and hand  
 For thy trespas My passion was  
 To reed the from the feude  
 Penne cannot write Nor man indyght  
 Pains that I had so Those mad my body bloo  
 By wounds both large and long—  
 Thou doys me more dyre When thou doth swyre  
 By me here of my body Than the Jwyes did  
 That spiylt my blod On the mount of Calvere—  
 Wherefore pray the Thy swearing lay by  
 Dread God alteryn If thou wilt do so  
 To hevyn shalt thou go Among angels to sing.”

On the top of Castle Hill is an entrenchment believed to have formed a Roman camp.



**HALIFAX**, the fourth in rank of the clothing towns, spreads over the hollow of a deep valley, and extends on one side up the steep slope of the surrounding hills, so rough and treeless that De Foe called them frightful. Through it runs the **Halifax**. Hebble, a tributary of the Calder. In 1443 it contained only 80 houses; but in the 16th century it increased rapidly, outstripping Bradford in size and extent of trade. It took the lead in worsted manufactures in the beginning of the last century, until Bradford, more ready and quick to introduce machinery at the commencement of the factory era, towards the close of the same century, took the foremost position. Its population in 1881 was 73,630. It has a Piece Hall, built in 1780, containing 315 clothiers' shops, now little used, since Bradford has become the chief market. In addition to most of the materials made in Bradford, Halifax produces carpets, and rugs specially designed for the South-American Indian trade. Messrs. Crossley, Dean Clough Mills, head the carpet trade.

The Halifax gibbet law has been previously alluded to.

The Town Hall, in the Palladian style, has a picturesque appearance, gilt and burnished metal being largely used in its decoration. All Souls' Church is noteworthy as one of Sir Gilbert Scott's best works, and is supposed to occupy the site of the chapel which contained the relic to which the town owes its name.—The People's Park, laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, was given to the town by Sir Frank Crossley.—The Crossley Orphanage, founded and endowed by that family, is an excellent educational institution.

The highway from Halifax, through Sowerby Bridge to Rochdale, winds, by a series of zigzags, along the edge of a ravine over Blackstone Edge, the summit of which is a wide, open heath, with black bog. Of this road Taylor wrote: "I rode over such ways as were past comparison or amendment. I thought myself in the land of break-necke, it was so very steep and tedious."

**DEWSBURY**, on the N. bank of the Calder, is engaged in the production of heavier woollens, such as carpets, druggets, and blankets. It has also some shoddy mills. Its **Dewsbury**. population in 1881 was (municipal borough) 29,637.

Batley, about a mile N. of Dewsbury, is the great centre of the shoddy trade. Its population in 1881 was 27,507.

The lesser satellites clustering round Batley and Dewsbury (see King's Map of the Bradford District) are engaged in the same trades, and in making carding and spinning machinery. One of them, Liversedge, has a church built and endowed by the Rev. Hammond

Robertson, the original of "Parson Yorke" in Charlotte Brönte's "*Shirley*."

KEIGHLEY, on the slope to the right of the Aire, leading to the wild western uplands, is a rapidly rising town, recently incorporated.

It is engaged in the worsted and machinery trades, and Keighley. In 1881 had a population of 25,247. In late years it has greatly increased its educational institutions, and it has in Mr. Swire Smith one of the strongest advocates of the technical education movement, which bids fair to become an important branch of our school system.

### RACES AND THEIR TRACES.

THE Brigantes, if not the original settlers in Yorkshire, are at least the earliest of its inhabitants of whom we have any historical knowledge. The Romans, Saxons, and Norsemen (Danes and Norwegians) who successively overran it, were not merely conquerors, but colonizers. The Saxons especially came over in great hordes, and settled on the lands their swords had won. Hence the people of Yorkshire are descended mainly from the two latter, with probably a smaller commingling of the two former. For while the greater number of the Brigantes and Roman colonists fell or fled before the ruthless invaders, it is hardly conceivable that all were so swept away.

And in the physique and character of Yorkshire folks, as in their language, traces of this admixture of races are discernible. The tall, bony, muscular frame, florid complexion, blue or grey eyes, and reddish hair of the Saxons (and probably of the Brigantes); the shorter, stouter build, more oval features, brown complexion, and brown hair and eyes of the Norsemen; and the slighter proportions, darker skin, hair, and eyes of more southern races, have each their representatives among us; and the daring and tenacity of our forefathers are perpetuated in the hardihood of our seamen and the persistent perseverance of our people.

Traces of each of these races abound, such as places of sepulture, defensive works, hut and village foundations, and place-names, not to speak of the dialects, tinged, more or less, with the language of the settlers in the various districts.

Connected with the Brigantes we have tumuli, barrows, sites of dwellings and villages, camps and dykes, stones and rude pottery. Tumuli are most common in the eastern part of the county, on the

N. York moors and the Wolds. They are conical mounds, from 3 to 12 feet high, and 3 to 20 yards wide. Barrows are larger mounds of similar character. Many of these tumuli have been opened, and have yielded skeletons, some merely covered with a pile of stones or flints, others enclosed in rude stone cysts or in roughly-hewn wooden coffins. One at Hesleskeugh, between Market Weighton and Beverley, yielded the skeleton of a female, about 100 glass beads, a ring of amber, another of gold, and a third attached to a pin, two bracelets, and a pair of tweezers such as the Romans used for eradicating hair from their bodies. Two others yielded skeletons of charioteers, oak chariot wheels with iron rims, and (one of them) skeleton of a horse and part of its metal trappings. Traces of huts and villages are discernible on the N. York moors, especially about Roseberry Topping, on Skipwith Common, and on the top of Ingleborough.

Raths, or fortified places, which are larger mounds than the tumuli, and have an encircling ditch and bank, exist at Lofthouse-in-Kildale, Middleton-one-Row, Kippax, Barwick-in-Elmete, Westow, Acklam, Birdsall, Cropton, near Pickering, Duggleby, near Malton, Bishop Burton, near Beverley, Hutton Ambo and Langton, and on Danby Moor, near Whitby. Certain districts naturally strong appear to have been further strengthened by extensive dykes, and were probably retreats for the people and their cattle in times of danger. The most important of these larger works are the dykes between Catterick-on-Swale and Gainford-on-Tees, Pickering and Scarborough, Malton and Scarborough, Malton and Cave, Wincobank and Mexborough.

Among the remarkable stones belonging to the same period are the Devil's Arrows (Aldborough), Rudstone (Bridlington), Wade's Graves (Goldsborough and E. Barnby), Austin's Stone (Drewton), the pikes or single stones often crowning summits in the N.W., and the circular and irregular groups mostly found in the N.E. and S.W.

Even should time eventually quite obliterate these traces from the face of the country, we shall still have left an indestructible memorial of the Brigantes in the nomenclature of our rivers and mountains, of the derivation of which from the Celtic Professor Phillips gives the following examples:—

- AIRE = *Arw*, rapid.
- CALDER = *Cell-dwr*, woody water.
- CRAG = *Craig*, a rock.
- DON = *Dwn*, dark.
- DERWENT = *Dwr-wen*, fair water.
- DOVE = *Du*, black.

EDEN = *Ed-dain*, gliding.

HUMBER = *Comar*, meeting of the waters.

INGLEBOROUGH = *Aingeal*, fire, and *barrach*, elevated.

LUNE = *Llyn*, white.

NIDD = *Ned*, whirling.

OUSE, ESK, WISKE = *Wysk*, water.

PENYGHENT = *Pen y gynt*, head of the eminence.

PEN HILL, PENDLE HILL = *Pen*, head.

RYE, GRETA = *Rhe*, swift.

RIBBLE = *Rhe-bel*, tumultuous.

SCAR = *Sgor*, a precipice.

WHARFE = *Garw*, rough.

WENT = *Gwent*, fair.

YORK = *Evr ach*, mound by the Ure.

To these may be added the Nidderdale sheep-score, in which the Celtic numeral names have been preserved in our Yorkshire dales in almost as much purity as in Wales:—

1 Yain.	6 Tayter.	11 Yain-dix.	16 Yain-o-bumfit.
2 Tain.	7 Later.	12 Tain-dix.	17 Tain-o-bumfit.
3 Eddero.	8 Overro.	13 Eddero-dix.	18 Eddero-bumfit.
4 Peddero.	9 Coverro.	14 Peddero-dix.	19 Peddero-bumfit.
5 Pitts.	10 Dix.	15 Bumfit.	20 Jiggit.

The most distinctive marks of the Roman occupation are the roads they made radiating from York, connecting that centre with their stations in the county and beyond. The principal of these are:—

1. From York to Lincoln (two ways):

(a) *Viâ Tadcaster* (Calcaria), Castleford (Legeolium), Doncaster (Danum), and Littleborough (Segelocum).

(b) *Viâ Stamford Bridge*, Cave, and Brough Ferry.

2. York to Manchester, *viâ* Tadcaster, Castleford, and Slack.

3. York to Hadrian's Wall, *viâ* Aldborough (Isurium), and Catterick (Carractonium), branching from the latter place, E. by Piersie Bridge, and W. by Greta Bridge and Bowes (Lavatrae).

4. York to Bridlington, *viâ* Stamford Bridge and Garaby.

5. York to Eston Nab, *viâ* Stillington, Yearsley, Hambleton Hills, and Cleveland.

By branch roads they connected—

1. Catterick with Ilkley on the W., and Malton on the E.

2. Barnard Castle with Reeth and Brough, near Bainbridge.

8. Brough with Garsdale, Sedbergh, Kirby Lonsdale, Grassington, and Gargrave.
4. Aldborough with Aberford.
5. Stamford Bridge with Malton, *viâ* Gallygap and Langton Wold.
6. Gallygap with Whitby, *viâ* Hutton, Barugh, and Dunsley.
7. Malton with Bridlington, *viâ* Wetwang and Fimber.

Where practicable the Romans made their camps oblong and rectangular. Those designed only for temporary occupation they protected by a single ditch (*fossa*) and bank (*valium*), but in permanent camps they duplicated these defensive works. Examples of the latter exist at Kirkclees (near Huddersfield), Cawthorne (near Pickering), Barugh (near Malton), and Leaserigg (in the Esk Valley); and of the former at Templeborough (near Mexborough), and at Greta Bridge.

The following places were also Roman stations:—York, Doncaster, Aldborough, Bowes, Catterick, Malton, Tadcaster, Castleford, Ilkley, Stamford Bridge, Bridlington, Adel, and Brough (near Bainbridge). Of the latter, York, Aldborough, and Malton are proved especially rich in evidences of Roman occupation, such as portions of dwellings, baths, tessellated pavements, coins, trinkets, statues, and pottery.

Whilst the Saxon and Danish irruptions have given us few traces of either defensive or sepulchral works, the vast number of place-names traceable to their language attests the completeness of the conquest and colonization. We need but look at our map of Yorkshire to note how many of these terminate in the Saxon *ton* (town), *ham* (home), *ley* (field), *ing* (meadow), *field* (cleared space in the woods); the Danish *by* (dwelling); or such words as *fell*, *dale*, *beck*, *force*, *kirk*, of the Norwegian, to note not only how numerous were their settlements, but to form some idea of the nationalities that peopled certain districts.

---

## STATISTICS.

EAST RIDING ..	352	parishes ;	750,828	acres ;	315,460	inhabitants.
NORTH RIDING ..	554	..	1,361,664	..	346,260	..
WEST RIDING ..	724	..	1,768,880	..	1,064,218	..

### Alphabetical List of Towns.

WITH PRESENT POPULATION.

Aberford .. ..	1,300	Dewsbury .. ..	33,000
Askrigg ... ..	624	Easingwold .. ..	2,044
Brighouse .. ..	8,848	Elland .. ..	9,200
Barnsley .. ..	36,000	Filey .. ..	2,337
Batley .. ..	30,000	Flamborough .. ..	1,890
Bingley .. ..	10,500	Gomersal .. ..	3,986
Bawtry .. ..	930	Guisborough .. ..	6,000
Boroughbridge .. ..	960	Goole .. ..	12,500
Bradford .. ..	205,000	Holmfirth .. ..	9,709
Beverley .. ..	11,425	Hull .. ..	200,000
Bedale .. ..	1,046	Hornsea .. ..	1,800
Bridlington .. ..	6,642	Halifax .. ..	78,000
Castleford .. ..	12,000	Heckmondwike .. ..	10,000
Catterick .. ..	620	Howden .. ..	2,100
Cleckheaton .. ..	1,200	Huddersfield .. ..	83,000
Darfield .. ..	3,261	Harrogate .. ..	12,000
Driffield .. ..	6,568	Hedon .. ..	966
Doncaster .. ..	25,582	Hawes .. ..	1,890

Helmsley .. ..	1,550	Penistone .. ..	2,254
Idle (with Windhill)	13,600	Ripon .. ..	7,600
Ilkley .. ..	5,000	Rotherham .. ..	35,600
Knarborough ..	5,000	Richmond .. ..	4,502
Keighley .. ..	37,000	Stokesley .. ..	1,801
Kirkby Moorside ..	1,843	Sheffield .. ..	310,000
Leeds .. ..	351,210	Settle .. ..	3,000
Liversedge .. ..	14,000	Skipton .. ..	10,500
Morley .. ..	17,000	Snaith .. ..	999
Market Weighton	1,800	Selby .. ..	6,026
Malton .. ..	8,751	Scarborough .. ..	30,504
Mirfield .. ..	16,366	Thornton .. ..	10,500
Middlesbrough ..	66,000	Thirsk .. ..	6,306
Masham .. ..	1,071	Wetherby .. ..	1,886
Northallerton ..	4,000	Wakefield .. ..	30,000
Otley .. ..	7,200	Whitby .. ..	14,621
Pateley Bridge ..	1,264	York .. ..	70,000
Pickering .. ..	4,100	Yeadon .. ..	7,000
Pocklington .. ..	2,600	Yarm .. ..	6,930
Pontefract .. ..	9,000		

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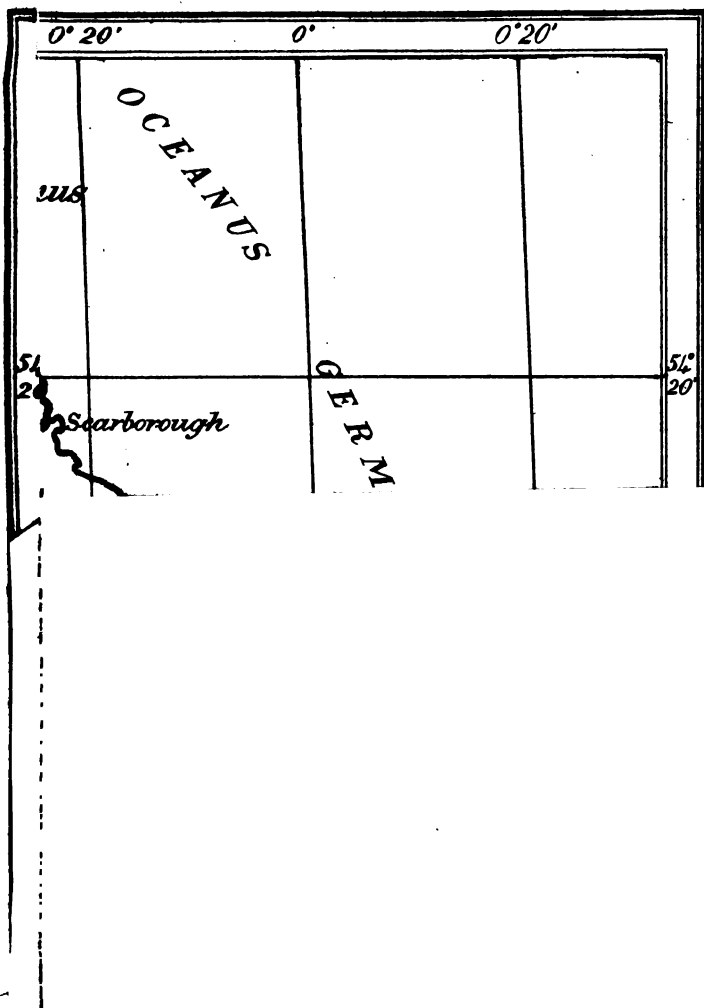
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20'

0'

54'  
20*Index to the  
Colours**Recent.**Chalk.**Kimmeridge  
Clay.**Middle**Site*



2°20'

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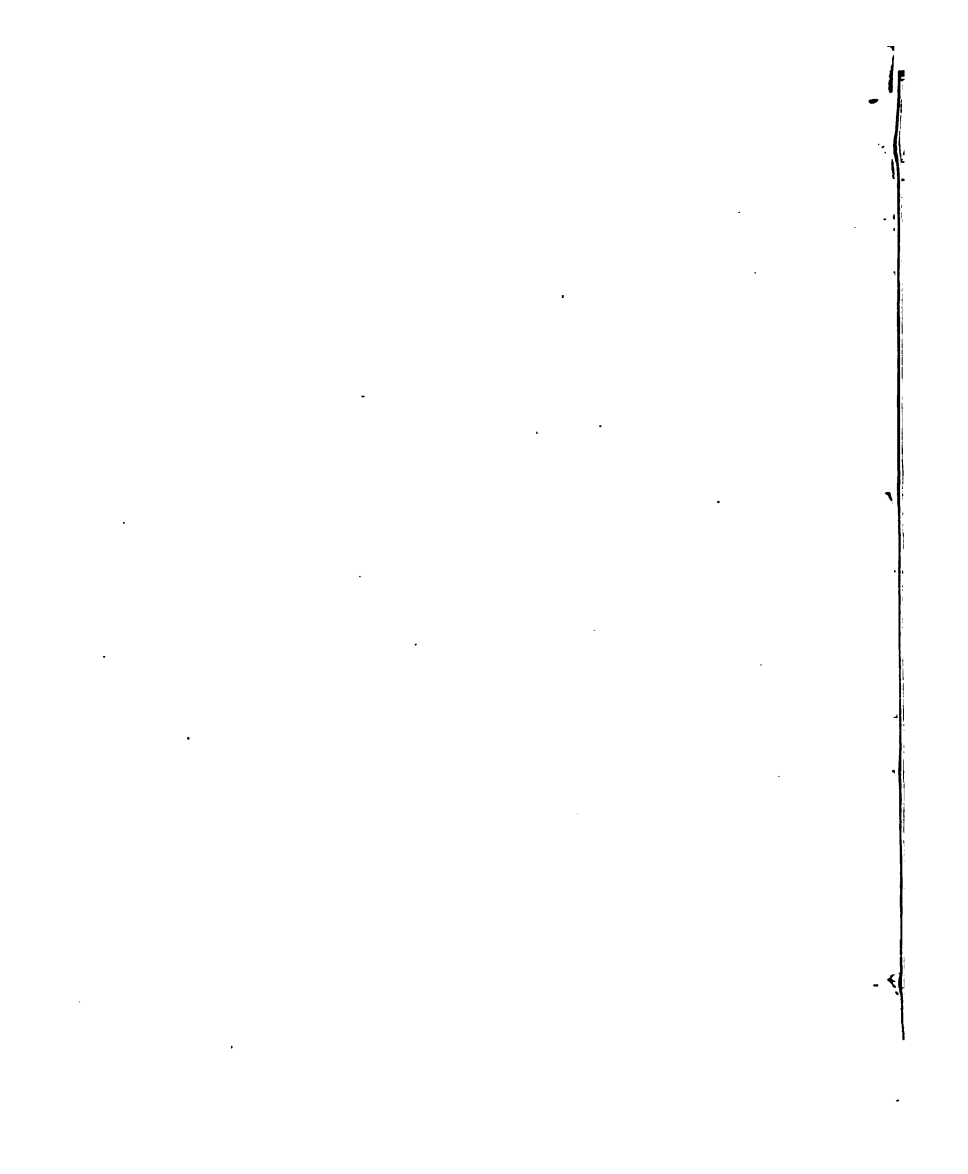
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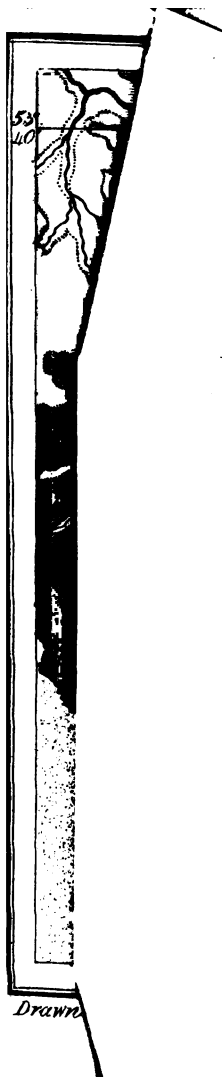
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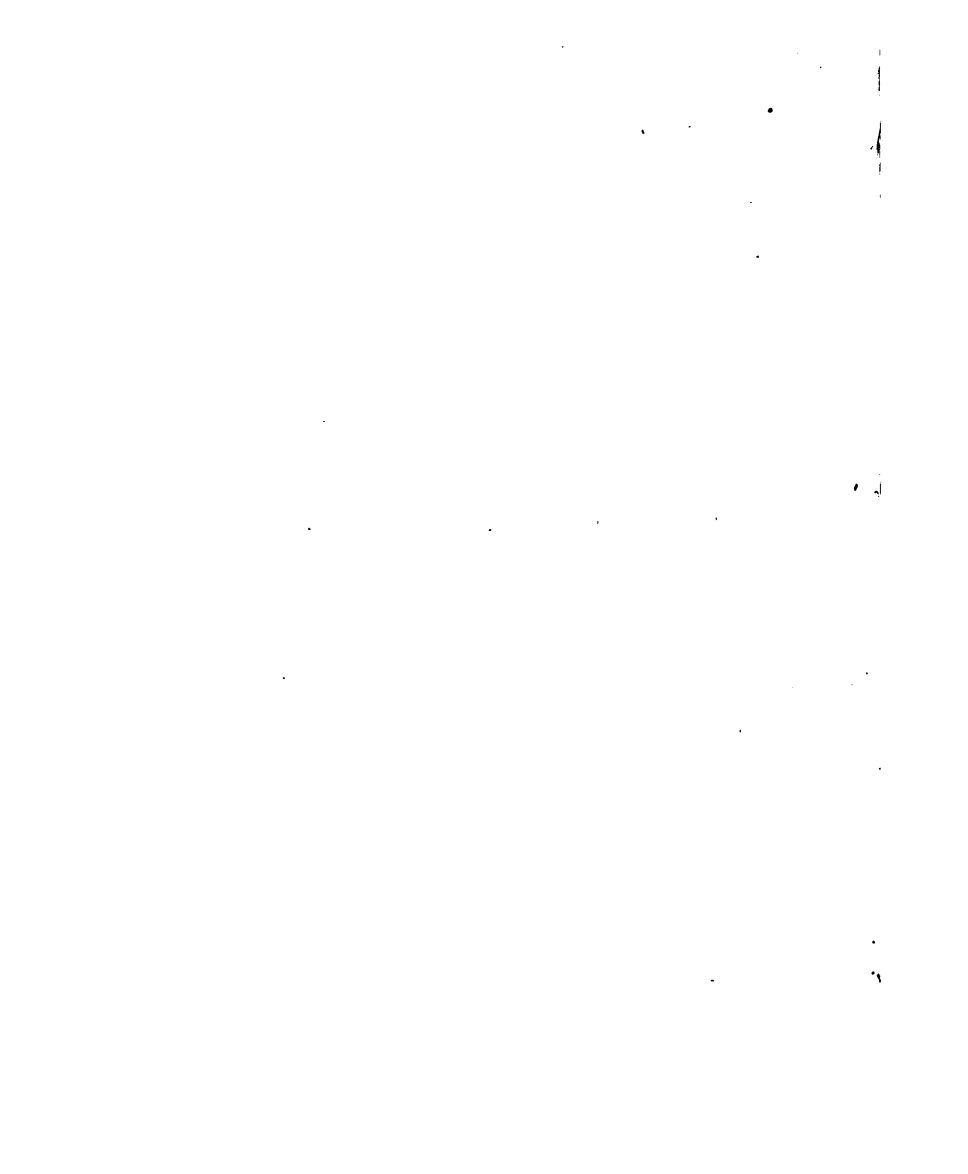
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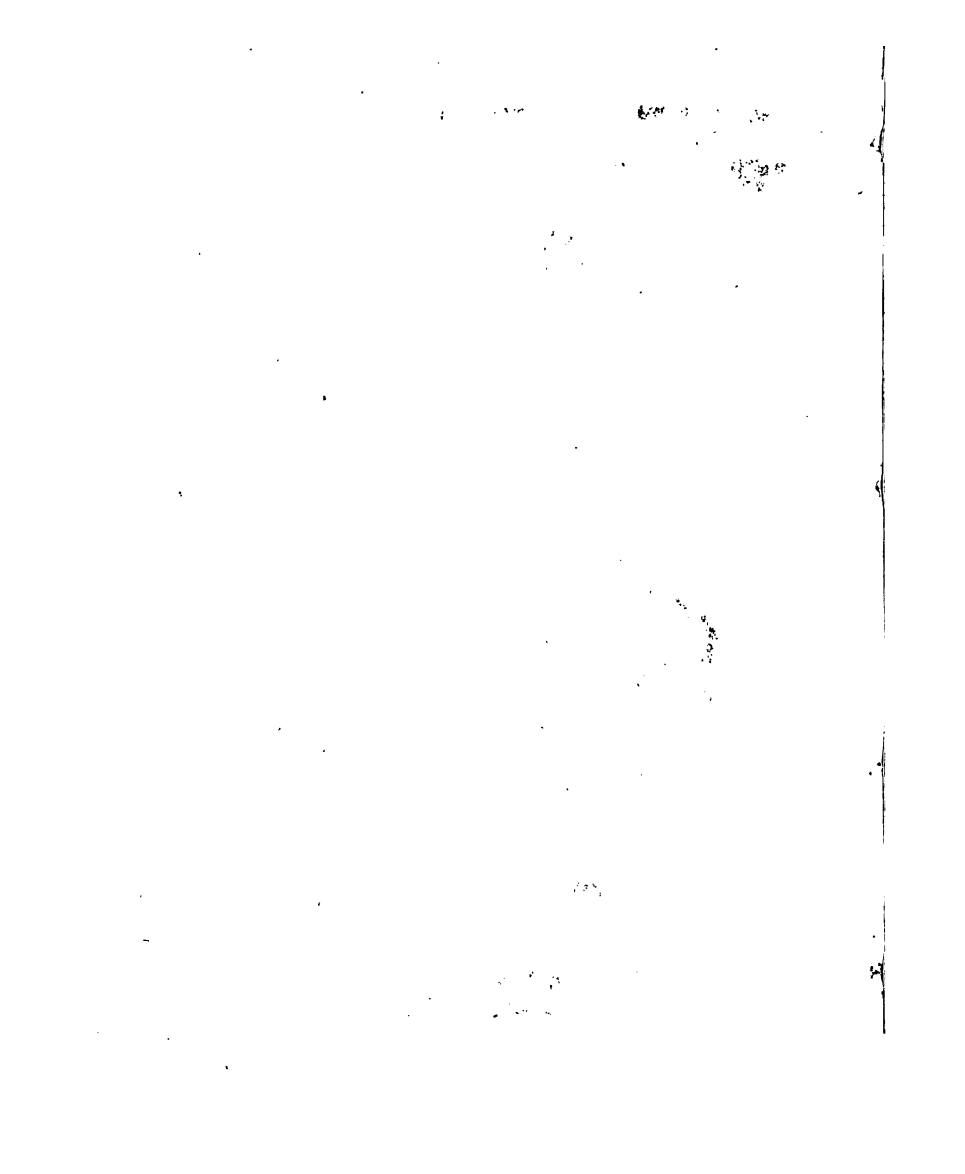


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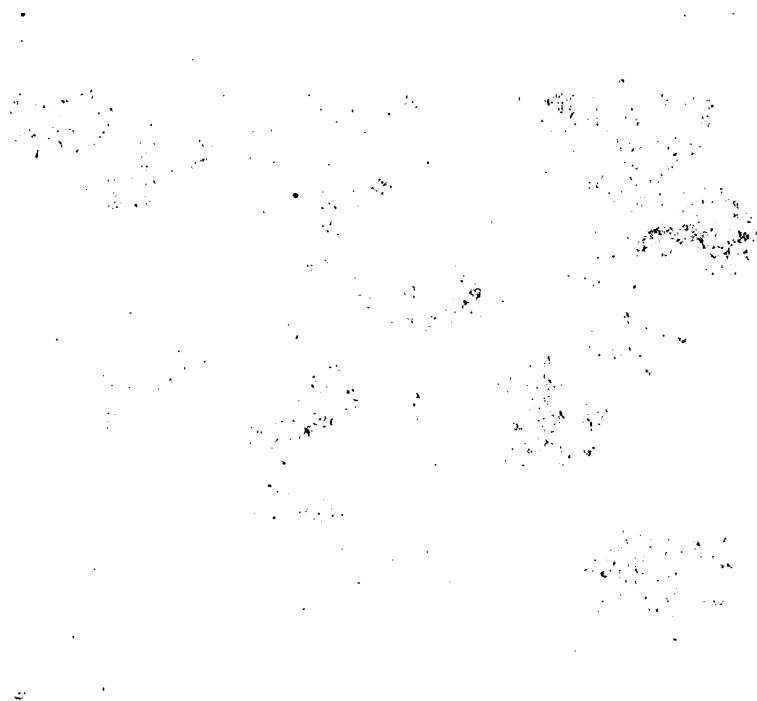


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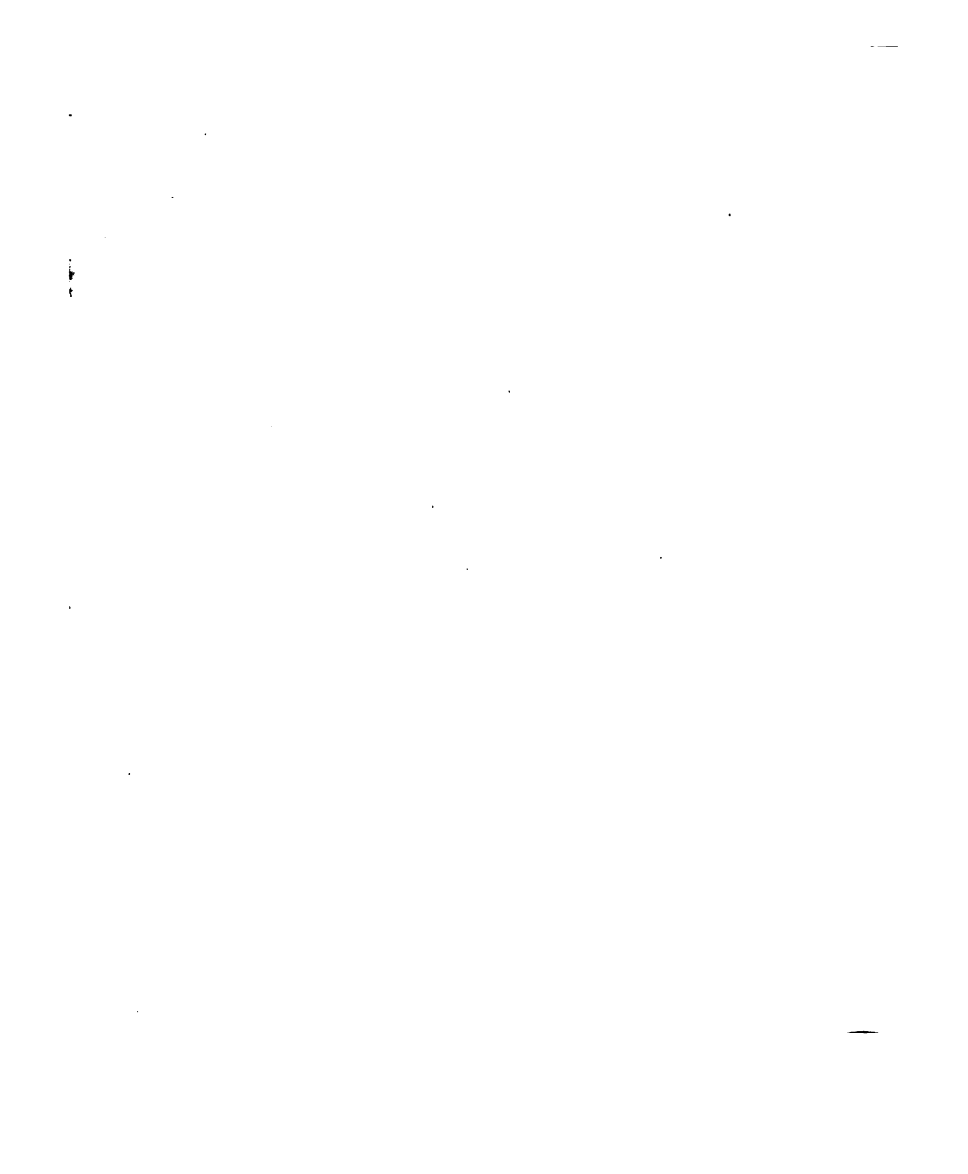




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